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NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THESE Papers, which have been for some time out of print, are here re-issued in the precise form in which they originally appeared, the initials of the Authors having been added as in the former reprint. A few passages which had there been omitted have been replaced, but no new matter has been added.

OXFORD, *May*, 1878.

NOTE.

The kind criticisms of a few friends who were in the secret, and the overheard gossip of those to whom the authorship of *The Oxford Spectator* was unknown, have encouraged us to reprint these papers. They profess to do no more than to sketch features of Oxford life from an undergraduate's point of view, or to give modern readings of books which undergraduates study. Above all, they profess to sketch these features only in the most general way; our portraits have in every case been drawn from types and not from individuals.

It is because our design is so general that we venture to hope for indulgent readers even outside the immediate circle of Oxford men. Although in their original form the papers were addressed in the first instance to men who were actually resident here, their aim now is the more ambitious one of interesting the ladies and the men, wherever they may be, that form the far wider circle of those to whom the associations of University life are dear.

Few alterations have been made, and those mostly verbal ones. Each number is signed with its author's initial.

R. S. C.
E. N.
T. H. W.

OXFORD, *April*, 1869.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. I. TUESDAY, NOV. 26. 1867.

I was asked the other day by one who had been my acquaintance during his Oxford career, to shew some courtesies to a brother of his, who had come up for the first time this Term. I may admit that I was embarrassed by the request; yet, as I saw no way to evade it and retain my friend's esteem, I could but consent with what grace I might. Calling upon a Freshman, as it seems to me, is but sorry pastime. Having no previous sympathies upon which to draw for topics, I find myself in common degenerating into the genteelest of generalities. I hear myself, in conversation with my awkward host, making observations such as were made to me when I was in his case. Then I become anxious to go, and he to be rid of me; and this rendering departure as difficult as possible, since each arrives at the other's thoughts, the visit is usually protracted to an uncomfortable duration. Tuesday, in last week, was the day upon which I at last decided to request my new acquaintance's company to breakfast. I put my invitation in the form of a brief note, which I entrusted to the Union letter carrier to deliver. The reply was not slow to return. It was in the third person, and was couched in most elegant language. My politeness had apparently delighted the young man, and he engaged himself to partake of my hospitality. It must be borne in mind that I was totally unacquainted with my new correspondent, and for this reason I felt some disinclination to entertain him for the first time at a tavern. I therefore re-

quested my landlady to trouble herself with providing such delicacies as might suit my purse and please my guest's palate. The meal was spread at the appointed time, and I was but ill pleased, when, after waiting through an uneasy half-hour, I was forced to fall to by myself. I might have spited my stomach and waited longer, however loth, but that I had an appointment, which I would fain keep and which was nigh at hand. My breakfast had but scant justice done it, for I was sour and discommoded that my civility was squandered. I sallied out to keep my engagement, and found to my distress that the person to whom I had plighted my word had either forgotten or neglected me. Feeling, then, that luck was against me, and having nothing upon which to employ myself, I bethought me of my recreant Freshman, and determined to seek him out where he lived, and tax him with the slight he had put upon me. I was directed to his room, and found him reclining in his elbow-chair upon the hearth, perusing a play of Euripides, with a translation. He had been no more than five weeks in Oxford, and yet already he had furnished himself with a curiously devised coat in velvet, and a pair of breeches of a wondrously close cut. The appointments of his room shewed much character. I have an idea of writing further of men's rooms at some future opportunity. At my appearance he rose, and appeared ill-advised what to do. I bade him good day, and said who and what I was. He hastily begged me to forgive him that he had been ungenteel in not waiting upon me in the morning, but promised that he had been much discomposed by a wild dream which had visited him during his sleep, and that he had hardly then been freed of his fancy. I prayed him to do me the kindness to relate what had so vexed him, which he at first refused: but at last yielded to my importunity, and engaged to detail his dream to me in a letter. He assured me that his new life in Oxford was much other than he had been used to,

and that all things aroused his excessive astonishment. He also told me that he was soon to be examined in Responsions, so I bade him resume his Greek, and so left him. I had quite forgotten both him and his dream, when last night a packet was put into my hand, which puzzled me much as to whence it came. I found it to be a letter from my dreaming friend, giving me an account of what he had seen in his sleep. There is no word of secrecy in the writing from end to end, so I seem to betray no confidence by giving the letter as I received it. It runs thus :—

Sir,

If I am wrong in remembering a promise which you, perhaps, may wish me to forget, I beg you to forgive me. I undertook, when I saw you last, to send you an account of a certain dream of mine which much annoyed me. I should say that my new habits are strange to me, and that my reading for Responsions had affected me to extreme nervousness. I dreamed that I was wandering at midnight in the Christ Church meadows. The sun was shining, and all the trees bore the similitude of the colossal heads which form the new decoration of the Theatre. I was hastening to Iffley to attend a lecture for which I was in no measure prepared. One tree gravely requested me to subscribe to the Botanical Gardens, while another asked me, with great affability, to wine. Then the ground beneath my feet turned suddenly to cinders, and I was exhorted to feel my stretcher because it was the last lap. I rose in the air, and found myself on my feet at the Union, unable to speak: I sat down, and was straightway dining in Hall without cap and gown, where my old schoolmaster glared at me from a frame upon the wall. Then came Alcestis, whose face was still that of the college porter. With one hand she solved a quadratic equation, and with the other she whispered in tones of silvery sweetness, "The Proctor's compliments, Sir, and are you a

member of the University?" I was about to reply when my dream ended, and I was left not a little agitated by my imaginary adventures. In this state you found me. If you have not already forgiven me, I entreat you to do so now, and to think of me as

Yours truly, ———

N.

I have always been much entertained by the readiness to give advice which is shewn by most persons. The following letter, received from a friend, has perplexed me :—

DEAR ———,

I hear with great pleasure that you are going to give us a sort of Oxford Spectator. It will be a great boon to me, as I generally sit an hour or two over my breakfast, and feel the want of something light to look at while I digest my toast. But pray pardon me if I venture to suggest one or two things. Of course you must not be too long; and avoid the Classics, and Rowing, and Athletic Sports, and all that sort of subjects: one wants a quiet hour free from those incessant topics. Then, again, I advise you not to venture on Art; it is a difficult subject, and apt to be dry. Politics are always dry and set men arguing, which is a bore. Choose some quiet gentlemanly subjects, the things one cares to know something about. I don't mean Antiquities, of course, or Architecture, but something that will be amusing, yet not in bad taste—you know, I dare say, what I mean; and if you will just follow this little piece of advice, and forgive my impertinence in offering it, you will always have a grateful reader in

Yours truly,

D. F. NIENTE.

POSTCRIPT.—I need hardly warn you to leave Theology alone.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. II. THURSDAY, NOV. 28. 1867.

I have spent this afternoon in making plans and giving directions for the furniture of my new rooms, and have been much diverted by the forwardness of many of my friends to go about this business with me. What is it which makes this amusement so popular—this lordly mock-legislation, with its plans and its rules and its reforms, in the constitution of that little kingdom, one's rooms? Is it the consciousness of new power in one who has so lately been a schoolboy, or is it the nobler pleasure of exercising the tastes but now developed? I hope it is in many cases the latter, though, I confess, the rooms of my friends hardly bear out any theory in which taste finds a part. Why do so many venerable rooms find their massive woodwork, black with age, relieved with tender alternations of pale green and gold, more fit for Titania's palace? Why do we see carpets whose pattern is repeated in the scanty room only three times and a half?

These are among the faults which I have tried this afternoon to avoid: what to substitute for them is less easily determined. Some heavy furniture there is remaining in my room, well suited to the massive mullions of the oriel, works like those of Tiryns and Mycenæ, whose rude strength outlives generations of the dainty productions of our modern upholsterers.

But when my chairs and tables are settled to my mind, there remains the important question of pictures. It is easier here again to think what to avoid than what to seek, except so far

as to observe moderation and to collect such subjects as will give me food for thought. I fear many men attach no particular idea to the prints which adorn their rooms, and could show no reason for their choice. How many, on whose walls hangs the print of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time, could give any better account of it than that it contains game, which is a gentlemanly subject and connected with the best feelings and habits of English country life? How many admirers of the Martyre Chrétienne are ever fired by the sight of that picture to acts of courage or self-denial? How many of those who would be annoyed if one saw no beauty in their Dante and Beatrice have read, or would care to read, the Divina Commedia? Watercolours by the owner's sister, and the admirable productions of the Arundel Society are perhaps among the most sensible decorations for a modern room, but for my antique oak and masonry something more solid must be chosen.

Of one thing I am resolved. There shall be a pair of buffalo horns over the door. These lend an air of mediæval dignity, almost of baronial importance, to a large and old room like mine; though they are absolutely ridiculous upon the green and gold walls to which I have alluded. The enquiries I have made about these horns have filled me with amazement and curiosity. The rules of their sale might well puzzle a political economist. There are many points in Oxford life which retain in the midst of modern surroundings the stamp of mediæval quaintness and antiquity; but this goes back beyond the days of monk and templar to the very infancy of the world. It exemplifies the most ancient form of exchange,—that by barter. For a pair of buffalo horns you must offer, in Oxford at least, not the modern shilling, nor the uncivilized cowry, nor even the tent-poles and scalps of savage marketing, but, more primeval still, the very clothes from off your back. But here comes the grand inconsistency. When was it ever known that a man, to

whom this rude barter was the method of exchange, possessed five or six old waistcoats?—Then again, how vague and uncertain is the transaction! The intrinsic value of both horns and old coats is utterly unknown to me. I may be spending the value of pounds for the equivalent of a few shillings; or I may, though this is less likely, be gaining a great prize for a trifling cost. Be this as it may, the obscurity of the whole affair will lend an additional charm to the horns when I have got them. Tell me of your heirlooms wrought before the Wars of the Roses, or your articles of *vertu* collected from dusty stores,—they are at the most but a few hundred years old—or boast of treasures and spoils of chase "ultima recisas Africa," and meanly hint that these horns of mine were grown in English fields, the terror of English nursery-maids—I will point to the antiquity and savage character of the process by which I gained them, and ask you what dateless china or what stuffed gorilla is more closely linked with by-gone days and distant climes.

Here I must pause, but if any one experienced in these things would kindly give me any hints which might help me in my furnishing, he would lay me under an obligation, which I should be slow to forget.

I received just now from my bookseller several letters addressed, through him, to the "Oxford Spectator;" and, late as it was, I felt it due to those who had honoured me so soon with their correspondence to open the envelopes at once. There were seven of them. Three of these, all bearing the Union Stamp, address me as "Dear Oxford Spec." and are signed "Corydon," "Philidore," and "Damon" respectively. It is gratifying to be dignified already with a style so like that of my

great prototype, but, beyond this, the three Union letters contained nothing valuable: only a copy of Latin verses, a parody on a poem of Mr. Swinburne's, and a stricture on the present fashion of hats; all three offered for publication. Truly the Undergraduate is an animal fond of seeing itself in print! I have answered the gentlemen severely, but privately, as their names, though given for my satisfaction, were on no account to be published. Three other envelopes contained letters all in the same handwriting, the contents being addressed severally to three distinguished members of the University. The ingenious writer evidently had laid a scheme to discover my identity, but, foolishly, remaining anonymous, he has given me no opportunity of falling into his trap. The contents of his three letters are worthless.

The seventh has, I confess, given me no little pleasure. As I write I look with pride at the delicate characters, and tremble as I wonder what tiny fingers traced my name so daintily. This most flattering and amusing note is too long to be now inserted whole, and too perfect to be divided; so I cannot have the delight of showing it to my readers until Saturday morning.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. III. SATURDAY, NOV. 30. 1867.

I have learned to-day that remarks have been made concerning myself which seem to call for a short word in answer, inasmuch as they may almost be said to touch my character. Certain persons have objected, my friends report, that I affect a strange likeness to that namesake of mine who walked the town in the reign of a former Queen, and appear to aim at a following of his tracks more near than is wholly decent. I tell these gentlemen, who are kind enough to take even a severe interest in me, that in this I do but follow my nature. It has always been a conviction of mine that men inherit from their ancestors much more than their name and their estate of lands and houses. I have observed this long, till it has become a part of my fixed beliefs; and it is now a constant amusement to me to mark in the characters of my friends some point that bears a resemblance to some generation that has gone before. Thus I note that the choleric man begets a son who is either himself choleric, or the father of a choleric child; that the son or grandson, or it may be the grandson's son of the solitary man will love solitude, of the man of quick perceptions will be an admirer of art, and so forth with the rest. And, that I may before becoming tedious return to my critics' objection, I would tell them that I feel this to be my own case, and that the impulse which prompts me, like my great Ancestor, to observe mankind and write down my observations, is not Imitation, but Nature. And here I would say that I have to be thankful to

my Fortune for certain advantages which I possess over my Ancestor; chiefly that my abode is for the present fixed in this place. For surely never was a more favourable situation for observing the ways of men than this Oxford, which is itself a world within a world; into which, as into the fabled glass of the magician, a man may look and see the destiny of the time to come.

I was remarking this more particularly yesterday, sitting in the pleasant recess of my oriel, of which, as of the rest of my apartment, I am pleased to say the furniture is now complete. As that was indicated in my last paper, I do not wish to dwell on a subject of which the repetition may perchance be irksome; yet my readers will, I trust, be not displeased to learn that my resolution concerning the Horns has been carried out, and that my surplus stock of wearing apparel has thereby been greatly diminished. The window, which before was inviting, is now sufficiently comfortable, and I confess to having already spent some hours in gazing from it on the scene below. My lodging, it should be remarked, looks upon one of the principal streets of this city; it having been an aim of mine to choose a spot from which I might exercise my natural propensity for contemplation to the fullest extent. It was perhaps something past noon when I sat first in the window, and for a time there was little to attract curiosity. Such young men as appeared in the street were for the most part bent on some immediate business, and judging from their academical attire it seemed that lectures were constraining the hurried attendance of most of them. One young gentleman I remarked to have ventured out in a different dress, but as a Proctor happened to advance and speak to him with singular politeness, I judged that his venture had been premature. Yet in a short hour or two a vast change was visible; and then began that varied stream of men that gave me as it were a sight of the world which it will be my aim

to converse of in the following papers. I may now but sum the general aspect, since a series of lengthy illustrations would be required were I to attempt to describe each feature separately. Among the young men I observed a chief division into two classes; those who came out intending to exercise themselves in some manly and healthy way, and those whose design it was to exhibit the elegance of their person and their dress. This last was in truth generally very remarkable, though whether it was altogether elegant I leave to better critics to decide. The hat with curiously curved brim, the very spacious satin scarf, and the sealskin waistcoat were the vestments that principally attracted my attention and roused my wonder. Indeed, though I have not long observed hats, they have suffered within my memory seven distinct varieties of shape, and as many of material. As to the waistcoats, their growing abundance seems to indicate that the captures of seals have of late years been increasing to a prodigious extent. Truly, if some modern wished to repeat the device of Queen Dido, the skin with which he should bargain to cover his city's site should not be that of an ox, but of a seal.

There were other sights that suggested many observations to me; such as the extreme diffidence exhibited by certain young men who were passing on horseback, being apparently not fully accustomed to that exercise; the discomfort visible in the faces of two companions, bound, it seemed, for an afternoon's promenade together, of whom I recognised the one as a very learned Professor, and understood that the other was a Freshman; the suspicious looks of a gentleman whom I knew for the same Proctor who had during the morning conversed with the Undergraduate, and who now appeared strangely uncomfortable without his velvet sleeves. But these topics are too many to dwell on; and, moreover, at the moment when my curiosity had begun to wane I was pleasantly surprised by the discovery that the dinner-hour was approaching. It is a

necessity of my digestion that I should preface my dinner with a glass of the wine called sherry, mixed in careful proportion with a preparation somewhat ungracefully named "the Oxford Pick-me-up;" an extremely palatable combination. In this instance it seemed to inspirit me greatly, so that I attended Hall in the very best temper, and there pondered on my experience of the afternoon, and contrived this paper.

W.

In my last paper I undertook to publish a certain pretty little note which had wonderfully pleased me. It may be that I set more store by it than will my readers. They must judge for themselves:—

"Dear Mr. Oxford Spectator,

"I have seen your new paper, and I want to tell you that it won't do at all. I dare say it is very clever and very like Addison and all that sort of thing; but I don't care for all that sort of thing. You must not talk about breakfasts and Freshmen and velvet coats, because I don't go out to breakast, and I am not a Freshman, and my velvet coat is a jacket and not a coat. I want to hear something about croquet, and dancing, and dear sweet Commemoration. Leave all the dry rubbish to your musty fusty old Dons, and make yourself polite to the poor lonely ladies. We *are* terribly lonely, because everybody worth knowing is reading or doing something horrid of that kind. Now do as I tell you, and I shall think you very nice and charming, and you shall be asked to our parties.

"Yours apologetically,

"AMANDA."

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. IV. TUESDAY, DEC. 3. 1867.

I think I am right in asserting that every man of my acquaintance chooses one meal each day over which to be dilatory. A correspondent of mine, who favoured me but recently, told me that he was wont to sit an hour or two over his breakfast; and perhaps we all have a dislike to be hastened at our dinner. For myself, if I am allowed to take my luncheon in peace, I am content. By the time the luncheon-hour arrives, one seems to have lost the morning chill inseparable from breakfast. Luncheon, moreover, appears to be a refined meal. Breakfast is too robust, dinner too much a matter of business, to suit my habits and constitution. Hence is it that one o'clock upon each day finds me, seated at equal distances from the open window and the fire, sipping my sherry and crunching my biscuit. I was so seated a few days ago, when a man with whom I am but slightly acquainted came roughly into my room and invited me to be his companion upon a visit to a Running Ground, where, as he told me, there was to be an athletic meeting. If there are two things in this world which I dislike and shun, those two things are long walks and so-called athletic sports. Nothing is more distasteful to me than to see a number of shivering, half-clad youths struggling, in various stages of exhaustion, and apparently with no possible result, to complete an indefinite number of circuits of a bleak enclosed field. I expressed to my friend who wished me to accompany him that I should much have preferred remaining in my room. He,

however, was so eager in his importunity that I was forced to grant him his point, and to set out with him. I could not fail to observe that he looked upon me with feelings of extreme compassion. He seemed to consider me but half a man, because I derived no pleasure from a diversion in which he so much delighted. As we walked along,—for he denied me a conveyance,—he laboured hard to imbue me with his spirit on the matter, and applied several harsh epithets to me when I remained constant to my impressions.

The situation of the place to which we were going appears to have been most ingeniously devised. It is quite a triumph, no less intellectual than physical, to explore the route. The ground is shut in by black palings, most forbidding in aspect. My companion was admitted through a wicket gate upon presentation of a paltry green card, which he called his member's ticket. I was met by a demand for sixpence, with which I grudgingly complied. Indeed, it has often appeared to me that life is a perpetual series of demands for sixpence, with which a man grudgingly complies.

When we fully beheld the scene it was with a feeling of amusement, not untempered with melancholy, that I recalled to my mind the book of Virgil that had been my favourite at school. I, a wondering Æneas, with my Sibyl-friend (if he is not offended at the name), to whom these things were no mystery, had passed the walls and the barred gates, and had entered upon the Elysian fields. But when I came to observe the runners as they made ready, they seemed to have an air and aspect different from that of the happy shades that I had heard of, though these, too, looked thin and ghastly when compared with those who, like myself, were spectators. Some, whose high reputation, men said, was at stake, seemed fearful and ill at ease. On the countenances of the rest sat an air of gladness and exhilaration of which

I suspected the reality. The Hope which fluttered over them seemed to me to be borrowed from some picture of brighter colours. One young man, I remarked, ran with a glass fixed in his eye,—whether lest he should lose sight of those who ran with greater speed than he, or wishing to give an appearance of ease to his exertions, is as yet a question. I shall not pass a criticism on the costumes, deeming myself unfitted by my ignorance for so doing. Yet, scanty as they appeared, there was in them a wonderful variety—no less wonderful, indeed, than that which I have before observed to obtain in the dresses of the more elegant of our Oxford loungers. The comportment of the racers entertained me principally; for, when a contest was over, one never failed to hear that the winner had not experienced the slightest difficulty; while all who had lost had done so by reason of some special mischance. My friend, who seemed to be acquainted with most of the athletes, conversed with them before me long and ostentatiously, and the fresh excuses presented by each greatly moved my admiration. One had failed to hear the signal, another had stumbled, a third had been unduly pressed by some inconsiderate rival. In fact, the want of success was accounted for in so many ways that it seemed to me to be quite unaccountable.

At length, finding the repeated races became a little monotonous, I pleaded an engagement and left my friend, whose interest was too great to allow him to go away before the end of the day's amusement. As I walked to my lodging, I meditated on the strangeness of the excitement which seemed, like a fever, to have seized on all the crowd among whom I had been standing. Partly it was, no doubt, a natural spirit of emulation—natural, I say, for among the circle of my acquaintance I alone appear to be destitute of it: partly, and to this I am inclined to attribute a larger share of the infection, it was the *mode*.

Further, I did not fail to observe during my stay near the racing-place one or two elderly men busy with note-books, whose words, when I occasionally heard them, sounded like the offering of wagers. It is useless to ignore the fact; the spirit of the Stadium is dominant among us. Is not the window of the leading silversmith choked with a collection of splendid cups, all destined to be the incentives to new efforts in this direction? Is there not a growing impression, though perhaps as yet unexpressed, that this muscle-worship is occupying too much of our attention? I confess that I sympathise myself with those one or two Colleges who have decided not to add fuel to the flame by inviting any but their own members to take part in their annual sports. I think a little reduction in this kind may be judiciously effected, without in any way destroying the healthy tone of manliness and self-dependence which it should be the special privilege of the University to bestow.

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. V. THURSDAY, DEC. 5. 1867.

For me, as an observer and critic of Oxford life, to write a paper about the Schools, is as if a writer on politics should discuss in a chance note the Rise and Progress of the British Constitution. In our limited world the Schools are the most prominent feature: they are the aim of our existence, the scene of our hopes, the source of our fears: our happy dreams form pictures of which a testamur is the central figure; and when indiscretion, leading to indigestion, has produced a nightmare, it is a plough that lies so heavy upon our chests. Forgotten perhaps during vacation, the thought of the Schools meets us as soon as we return here, and with the Schools the end of our Term is too often embittered. "Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum:" this is what brings us all up; to this may be referred the fact that so many of us are sent down.

Such being the position of the Schools with reference to the University, I cannot be silent upon it, though to a few, like my correspondent of Tuesday last, it may be an irksome subject. I had, I confess, when I began to publish my speculations, some vague intention of avoiding it, but every day I have met men wearing the white tie—that mark for the examiner's ruthless hand, that unfeeling insult which pretends that the day of examination is 'creta notandus'—I have seen these, and have crossed the dreary quadrangle which lies between Broad Street and the Radcliffe, and now have decided that what is so often in my thoughts ought not to be quite unnoticed by my pen.

That dreary quadrangle, I said: who does not agree to the epithet? At the entrance, though a ghastly silence reigns, yet the "moral atmosphere" is full of sounds of grief—"animæ flentes in limine primo;" though the outward eye sees only forms of men in academical costume—some seldom seen abroad in such a garb—the "red and raging eye of imagination," as Mr. Robert Montgomery called it, sees the high-walled enclosure peopled to the brim with shapes of terror, immense heads pressed hard on skeleton hands, grim jaws gnawing great pens, whose feathers writhe, like the trees of Doré, into fiendish forms; while down the tower of the Five Orders, sad emblem of the spirit of classification, hangs, like the blood-red banner of some Reign of Terror, a vast Master's hood, the badge of the torturer. The air is full of anxious eyes, and thin men running, in pain worse than that of Tantalus, after testamurs eternally withheld. But where am I? What can have put this wild dream into the head of a mere spectator? In the anxieties of the place I have but little share. Neither very ignorant, nor at all ambitious, I have hitherto accomplished my unobtrusive pass with safety; and I hope to pick my way as quietly and securely through the Ethics, as already through the maze of Logic, and the bewildering complexities of Grammar. Yet still, though my past and my future are alike peaceful, my fancy runs into horrible dreams at the thought of the Schools. I have even heard men of higher aims than mine, to whose efforts a First was open—I have heard even these speak with dread and repugnance of the struggle, which, they are confident, will bring them glory. Why is this? Methinks it is strange that the soldier should dread the battle, the trained horse shrink from the race! I hardly think the rowing man looks with any terror to next May, when his practice will be tested. The athlete never speaks with horror of the approaching Stranger's Race. Whence the difference? Is it not that the

examinations are looked upon as the main event in Oxford life, and failure in them held more serious than failure in field or river? Is it not that one is a principal work, the other a by-work? See, then, my rambling talk has led to an important conclusion: we can now refute the shallow imputation that muscular exercise is thought more of in Oxford than the studies of the Schools.

The Schools! O, gentle reader, if you have lately worn the white tie, and sat with affected nonchalance before that board, not of gay green cloth, sacred to the merry useless hours of idleness, but of solid, serviceable, dull green baize, speak not unkindly of the scene of your endeavours. Did you bear home, on payment of the ungrudged shilling, an invaluable testamur? (O, happy men, whose testimony is so highly prized!) then speak affectionately of the place where you asserted your claim; lead freshmen to think of the main object of their coming here as a probable triumph, not an inevitable torture. Did you fail? then read in future with a brighter hope, as one dressing his mind not for a funeral, but for a wedding,—that happy wedding which will make you a bachelor.

When I hear the accustomed invectives against the Schools, I cannot help thinking sometimes of what we should be without them: if there were nothing to make idle men read occasionally, and studious men constantly. We should be, it appears to me, a prey to two great monsters, both alive in Oxford now, but happily restrained within certain limits. These two monsters exert their baneful influence in opposite ways, for while the one ensnares and overpowers gradually and imperceptibly, the other rushes on his prey and crushes it by the force of his onset. But I must make myself more plain by describing them. The first wears the form of a slim and graceful youth, well dressed and highly perfumed; his voice is soft and his manners attractive, if perhaps a trifle artificial.

First, you ask his name and admire him at a distance for a week; then you meet him in company and are in a moment his willing captive. He soon allures you to his lair, a spot strewn with every elegance of luxury and art; with albums full of fair faces or amusing 'sketches,' with graceful trifles from foreign lands, and little notes from all the ladies in Oxford. There he feeds you with the most delicate viands over which you linger, like them of old who could not leave the Lotus-beds; then, before this enjoyment begins to pall, he leads you forth, and slowly up and down the High Street through a long delightful afternoon, till, before the bell of your College rings for dinner, you are ensnared. Struggle as you will, you cannot get free. Henceforth you will act in 'private theatricals,' and sleep till midday; you will never row or run again; you will often be photographed; in short as your captor is, so will you be. So much for this monster, whom, by the bye, I find I have described so exactly that he must be recognised; so I may as well confess at once, that he is my late correspondent, D. F. Niente, Esquire.

The only thing that can save you from his toils is the necessity of reading. If that were removed, there would be little hope: each captive would be a new emissary of his captor, till photographers were made peers of the realm, and Mr. Nathan its monarch.

Still in some there might remain enough life and manly energy to refuse the allurements, or, more wisely, to avoid the smiles of the Siren monster. For such the other tyrant has prepared a chain; a creature whose nature is so remarkable, its manners so terrible, and its possible domination in Oxford a thought so dismal, that to discuss it fully would occupy more space than my bookseller allows me. The second monster must, therefore, be reserved for another paper.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. VI. SATURDAY, DEC. 7. 1867.

There is for me great attraction in such parts of Oxford life as are connected in any way with the Clubs; both because I admire their sociability and because they give me such excellent opportunities of playing my part of critic and observer. Of the smaller Clubs I may perhaps speak at some later day; as my Ancestor's papers have immortalised the Ugly Club, the Hebdomadal Club, the Amorous Club, so the Clubs of our own day may expect to be made famous by me, when their time comes. At present I would rather mark some points in that one which by its size and pretensions seems to be the mother of all the Clubs of Oxford; I mean of course the Union.

I am rather fond of the Union, and constantly spend an hour there, or more it may be, on my return from my afternoon's exercise. There is generally, however, a question that perplexes me; namely, by which way shall I approach it? By the long, mean, narrow passage that seems to show that the building, too conscious of its own defects, strives to hide itself from sight; or by the garden entrance, which shows in stronger relief than suits my fancy the great Debating-room rising like a gigantic beehive quite apart from the building's self? I let chance settle the doubt for me, and forget the sins of the architect as I think of the warm arm-chair and the newspaper that awaits me. Yet as I pass in (it is generally by the passage, after all), I am often enticed by the papers that crowd the notice-board, and find great diversion in reading what is written

on them. Their varied nature is as amusing as I always find variety to be; would that my description were half as fascinating as that wonderful board itself! Here is a modest second-classman who will be content if a single pupil will trust his hopes and prospects to him; there a bachelor wishes to find a first Incumbent who is "not a Party man"; tutors, pupils, rectors, curates, all are so many that one might have fancied that the wants of all would be satisfied by the wants of all the others. Nor is there a dearth of notices of a different kind. A prodigious number of umbrellas and sticks seem to be continually lost; a still greater number taken by mistake. This last I observe to be always attributed to some *Gentleman*, the word being carefully underlined, and beginning invariably with a capital letter.

When I have glanced through my newspaper, in which I avoid looking for anything but the news, it is a practice of mine to sit and watch the rest of the readers; or indeed, more often, to pass through the different rooms and note the men who frequent them. With the newspapers, most people behave as I do, and are satisfied with the briefest study, for which a quarter of an hour suffices; some however think little of a study of the *Times* that lasts an hour. Occasionally, from hearing these gentlemen speak at the Debate, and from noticing the admirable way in which they reproduce the articles of that paper, I discover that they are young politicians. Above stairs, I often pass the hour that succeeds to dinner in the elegant library, and sometimes even endeavour to get from it a book that I may happen to want; but I generally find that in this some more fortunate person has been before me. Or I fill a charmed half-hour with the last new magazine in the novel-room, and wonder as I lounge what more than human intellect has devised the luxurious corners of those easy chairs. Yet even they must not detain me; though each one were a

Calypso's isle, and each novel-heroine a goddess, I must pass to the Debating-room where by this time my friends the young politicians are buckling their harness for the battle.

Truly, there is something very singular in a debate at the Union. The subject is generally so extremely simple and conclusive; the audience so resigned; the speakers so thoroughly dull or so thoroughly in earnest. Say the subject is political—"That the British Constitution is a Failure;" or political with an ecclesiastical tinge, "That Government ought to put down Dissent;" or critical, "That Shakespeare is considerably overrated"—whatever it be, there will be a crowd of speakers quite able and quite ready to form my opinion for me. Having no opinions of my own, I am often so much moved by the last speaker that I ask myself, in Mr. Pope's words,

> "Shall I like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
> O'er head and ears plunge for the common-weal?
> Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
> And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?"

Yet my uncertainty, perhaps wisely, ends in my imitating neither Curtius nor the geese of the Capitol. Whether the young gentleman be eloquent on the Radical (such is the coarse modern word) or the Tory side, or whether, as I own to have been most often the case among such as I have listened to, he be dull on one side or the other, I am content to hear and to wonder what can be the strange fascination of that dais; to wonder also whether the speaker convinces himself as little as he convinces me. If he be eloquent, it is with difficulty that I prevent myself from thinking that he rants; if he be wearisome I am equally discontented, and long for the poet of the Dunciad to come down to earth and celebrate this new addition to the realm of Dulness. The hero of Monsieur de Molière was unaware that he talked prose: how many a Union speaker is unaware that he proses!

It may be that my digestion troubles me, and does not allow

me to value the speeches as they should be valued; or that I am soured by having been drawn against my will from my chair and my novel. In any case, as I leave the strife of tongues, I do not lament my own lot, which cuts me off from the glories and the failures, the excitements and the vexations of the orator. When I speak it is on paper, and I speak without a constant fear that I shall have to stand and gasp for want of a word; or, at the best, that when I have said my say, an enemy will arise and trouble my soul with a savage refutation. It is not my aim to disprove the merits of Shakespeare or to vindicate the Rights of Man; only to beguile a gentle half-hour as quietly and pleasantly as may be; and if so placid an ambition invites no triumph, no applause that makes the rafters ring, at least it escapes the danger of being savagely refuted.

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. VII. TUESDAY, DEC. 10. 1867.

Authorship, I have been thinking, and especially anonymous authorship, must always be attended by pain which more than counterbalances the pleasure. Ever since I set myself to be, as it were, "an observer upon society," I have been possessed by a strange dread that my personality might one day be discovered, and that the finger of amusement might be pointed at me as the man who was, or would be, the Oxford Spectator. This fear has gradually worn off. I have heard myself discussed in public by men who had no notion that the subject of their remarks was present; I have even had confidence to join in the conversation, and to make remarks upon myself which were triumphs of Jesuitism. But now, even if my name were to be known, so careless have I become, I should not much care. Nay, to assist such persons as may wish to find me out, I will even give a description of my face, figure, and general appearance. If, however, they unravel my riddle, let them abstain from telling their friends. I am just five feet nine inches in height, something inclined to be corpulent, and very long in the body. My face is rosy, adorned with a plentiful growth of whiskers, which, like my curly hair, is crisp and dark. My dress is of the very plainest. In this cold weather I always am seen in a rough overcoat, white thread gloves, and a woollen comforter about my throat. I am in the habit of walking down the High every afternoon, and may be seen constantly at the Union. Here my description of myself must stop.

The mention of the Union recalls to me a strange fancy which took possession of me the other afternoon as I sat in the library, reading a history of Philosophy. I thought to myself that the facts which were presented to me were not new, but that I had met them all before. Children, we are told, who break open their toys, do so under the influence of the philosophic impulse which prompts them to search for the truth of things. This, most surely, was not my thought when I read my book. Nor was my idea connected in any way with my recollection of that time-honoured jest which used to tell me that my medicine was my physic, and the subsequent lump of sugar was my metaphysic. No: as I sat in my arm-chair, and thought that my author was telling me no news, it was neither of these two notions which had hold of my mind. As I read on and on, it seemed to me that I myself had been, at one time in my life, part of what I was reading. I was puzzled and annoyed; so I shut up my book, and returned to my rooms.

In the evening I was sitting over the fire, when the whole thing flashed across me. I suddenly saw that the whole History of Philosophy is simply the story of an ordinary Oxford day. I dwelt much upon the theme, and at last I resolved to pencil down my notions and shape them into a paper for the benefit of my readers. I am thus led unconsciously into describing my manners and habits more accurately than I had at first intended.

In the morning, when I awake, the eastern dawn, as it shines into my room, gives my philosophy an Oriental tinge. I turn Buddhist, and lie thinking of nothing. Then I rise, and at once my tenets are those of the Ionics. I think, with Thales, that Water is the great first principle. Under this impression I take my bath. Then, yielding to Anaximander, I begin to believe in the Unlimited, and straightway, in a rude toilette, consume an infinite amount of breakfast. This leads

to the throwing open of my window, at which I sit, an unconscious disciple of Anaximenes, and a believer in the universal agency of Air. I lock my door and sit down to read mathematics, seeming a very Pythagorean in my loneliness and reverence for numbers. I am disturbed by a knock. I open the door, and admit my parlourmaid, who wishes to remove the breakfast things. She is evidently an Eleatic, for she makes an abstraction of everything material, and reduces my table to a state of pure being. Again I am alone, and, as I complete my toilet before my mirror, I hold, as Heraclitus did, the principle of the Becoming, and think that it, and it only, should be the rule of existence. I saunter to the window, and ponder upon the advantages or otherwise of taking a walk. I am kept at home by some theory of the Elements such as possessed Empedocles. Now I bethink me of lunch, and I become an Atomist in my hunger, as I compare the two states of Fulness and Void. At last Atomistic Necessity prevails, and I ring my bell. Lunch over, I walk out, and am much amused, as usual, with the men I meet. I notice that those who have intellect superior to their fellows neglect their personal appearance. These, I think, are followers of Anaxagoras: they believe in νοῦς, and they deny the Becoming. Others I noticed to be bent upon some violent exercise. I feel myself small and weak beside them, wondering much whether I, who to them am but half a man, am man enough to be considered, sophistically, the measure of all things. I console myself with remarking to myself that I surely know my work for the Schools better than they. Behold! I am Socratic. Virtue, I say, consists in knowing. So I chatter away to myself, feeling quite Platonic in my dialogue, until I meet a luckless friend who is to be examined next day in Moderations. I walk out with him far into the country, talking to him about his work, and struggling against my deeply rooted antipathy to exertion of

any kind. Surely, Aristotle could not have been more peripatetic, or Chrysippus more Stoical. The dinner-hour makes me Epicurean, and I pass unconsciously over many stages of philosophy. I spend an hour in the rooms of a friend who is reading hard for honours. I come away but little impressed with the philosophy of the School-men. The evening passes like a dream. I have vague thoughts of recurring to my former good habits of home correspondence: but this Revival of Letters passes by, leaving me asleep in my chair. Here, again, as at dinner, I doubtless pass through many unconscious stages. At length I begin to muse upon bed. It is a habit of mine to yield to the vulgar fascinations of strong liquors before retiring for the night. Philosophy, I learn, works in a circle, ever returning into itself. It is for this reason, perhaps, that my last waking act is inspired by both Hegel and Thales. Hegel prompts me to crave for spirit: Thales influences me to temper it with Water.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. VIII. THURSDAY, DEC. 12. 1867.

"If the head of a Centipede," says a great writer, "be cut off, whilst it is in motion, the body will continue to move onwards by the action of the legs;" "and the reader," adds another philosopher, "can doubtless call to mind occasions, on which some habitual process, even of considerable complexity, has been performed quite unconsciously, and while—to use the common phrase—he did not know what he was about."

My tutor wanted an essay on Unconscious Action, and I had noted down the above passage as likely to serve my turn, when, I suppose, sleep came upon me, for I remembered no more till I awoke late this morning to ponder over the following dream, in which I seem curiously to have mixed the notion of the Centipede with the subjects of my recent speculations. By the bye, my freshman friend will have the laugh of me now, when he finds that I too am not above telling my dreams.

I found myself waiting on the cold bank of the Isis at Nuneham, in expectation, I imagine, of a repetition of Saturday's race, when a thick fog came on which concealed even the path before me. As I stood in dismay, wondering how I could escape from this unpleasant position, a great splashing in the river close by me, followed by stamping and clapping of hands, frightened me almost to death. Some such noise Pharaoh must have heard in his dream, when the fat kine came up, jostling and pressing one another,

out of the river. At last the noise subsided, and the fog at the same time clearing away, I saw, spread along the meadow, two immense animals, each about the size of the tower of Magdalen College, laid upon the grass, both of them combining the properties of Briareus and the Centipede, for hands and feet were equally numerous. Suddenly, to my terror and surprise, one of them, drawing himself up to his full height, assumed the likeness of a leading speaker at the Union. His first words were received by his fellow with rapturous clappings and stampings of his hundred hands and feet; but at the end of the first period, which appeared to be a commendation of Mormonism, the speaker's head fell from his shoulders: the trunk however was still eloquent, and I thought the speech was little less convincing than before: meanwhile his comrade continued his applause with unabated vigour. I was still wondering at this strange sight, when the shorter of the pair became the Tower of the Five Orders, and the other arrayed in cap and gown appeared to be sitting before a gigantic deal table. His head, now restored, rested upon fifty of his hands, while the other fifty wrote answers with extraordinary speed; twenty-five of his feet were hooked round each of the legs of his chair. Suddenly his head fell heavily to the floor, and rolled to the feet of the examiner, but the loser wrote on nothing disconcerted: nay rather, as he had now fifty hands thrown out of work, he scribbled with doubled ardour. Again another scene; and the two vast Centipedes started for a race at the Marston running ground. This time they had no heads to begin with, but the race was exciting and they arrived at the goal together. As the cheers subsided, and the bystanders were admiring the muscular development of the numerous legs of the two runners, the scene changed once more to Mr. Vincent's office in the High Street, and I found to my disgust that I myself was one of these

Centipedes, and face to face with my bookseller, who told me indignantly that I had lost my head, and asked if I intended to run on for ever. So I awoke, with these words ringing in my ears like the burden of a song, "Run on for ever." But no: the time has come when men may go, so my duties as an observer do not run on for ever. Vacation is at hand; all our varied forms of studious or muscular life are to be still for a time, and I shall go with my criticisms "to fresh woods and pastures new."

But as I have remarked on our stay here, I will not entirely pass over the important subject of "going down," when all that has been done here is in a manner tested. We are going from the stern hardihood of Oxford, to the warm welcomes and bright firesides of home; to a mother's quiet enquiries, or a sister's eager admiration; to all those ordinary affections which some of us perhaps have been foolish enough to despise. I fear we learn here to prize them less instead of more; if so, we have ill learnt the lessons of an Oxford term. Our glimpse of life, if it has been of real, honest, working life, will send us back with a keener relish for home; if it has been noisy, "fast," and extravagant, home will seem dull—a most wretched result. Some of my acquaintances will miss the elaborate luxuries which here they affect to think indispensable,—the purple and fine linen of freshman existence;—some will look with disdain —a contempt how contemptible!—on the early hours and simple habits with which their fathers are contented. I wonder how many freshmen will refuse to kiss their sisters; I acknowledge that the Miss Spectators are always so saluted; indeed, I cannot sympathise with mock manliness.

We are going, I hope, to crisp fields and bright skies for the skaters, and warm scenting weather for those who hunt,—perhaps it is Utopian to expect both at once, but a fair share of each—to gay ball-rooms, and merry country houses, where the

unhappy Oxford man will regain the long-pined-for society of the unenfranchised sex. The most devoted admirers of the fair are, I am sorry to observe, very forgetful of them here; so far indeed as to put off their preparation for the Schools, in great measure, till the Vacation; a thoroughly ungallant practice. Surely they ought to have toiled here the more, that so they might have full leisure to pay their homage and reap their reward before the throne of Beauty. Indeed one of the most absurd points that I have noticed in ordinary undergraduate thought, is this notion that one cannot work in Oxford.

But I have been preaching. Forgive me, gentle reader, if my farewell is serious: I am reserving my most playful mood for the ladies, to whom my thoughts and observations will be especially directed for the next six weeks: the bright girl-graduates, who are as yet subjected to no examinations, and since "at love's perjuries, they say, Jove laughs," are not bound to keep terms with us men, though happily they share our Vacations.

C

The Oxford Spectator.

No. IX. TUESDAY, FEB. 4. 1868.

The discovery of photography has greatly narrowed the sphere of the painter's and the engraver's labour, and in no matter, perhaps, more than in the representation of streets and buildings. And it cannot be denied that the modern art has many points of advantage when compared with the old one: indeed, as to the one quality proverbially characteristic of photographs, that they do not flatter,—though this charge is usually meant for blame, I do not think that is justly so regarded. I like to see my face represented at its best, but I cannot blame Mr. Guggenheim or his art, if he proves me not to be a Paris: "amicus vultus magis amica veritas." There is, I think, a more painful, though kindred, want about these pictures, they admit no play of the imagination. You must perpetuate all that is in the object, and you can add nothing. Suppose, for instance, the subject to be "Reading for the Schools." Where the painter's imagination would place the half-fabulous wet towel, the photographer cannot refuse to show the more usual smoking-cap; the lexicon of the painting will be a translation in the photograph, and for the eager interest of the searcher after truth, the air of dullness and fatigue will too probably be substituted.

Again, if Mr. —— has his Logic Class photographed, listless looks, novels, and empty chairs must all be depicted; if Z. is "taken" in his costume as Venus, the traces of his moustache cannot be hidden; and X. in running dress cannot

induce the photographer to make his legs look one inch thicker.

I was led to these remarks by an accident which occurred on the first evening of the Vacation. I had taken home a fine photographic view of the High Street, and promised myself much gratification from the delight which it would afford to my friends. The lights and shadows were perfect; the rough old stone of University and the clear-cut lines of St. Mary's were portrayed with a fidelity which left nothing to be desired; yet when I produced it at home my country friends were disappointed: they even recurred with greater satisfaction to a wretched yellow print, which, I hope out of charity to the artist, may have been intended for something in Cambridge. I was mortified, I confess: but soon learnt the reason of this strange preference. In the print the steps of each College were crowded, and the whole street was thickly sprinkled, with men in caps and gowns, all also wearing (what a curious effect it must have produced in real life!) white trousers: but of the photograph my friends exclaimed with one voice, "Why, there are no gownsmen." "Alas," I said "in a photograph that omission is inevitable." "What," cried my little brother, "can't they photograph gowns?" I explained that there were no snakes in Iceland, and no gowns in the High Street; and the astonished circle heard for the first time that this dress is nearly obsolete among undergraduates. "Well then," said my aunt, "they might at least have the decency to put some there when they do the place!" The remark fell like seed on fertile soil: I determined at once to provide a gownsman for the next view of the High Street; so if any one is seen, in full academical costume, lounging on the steps of Queen's or University, while the photographers are about, that man may be known thenceforth to be the Oxford Spectator.

I have considered long and thoughtfully this disuse of the gown, but I cannot yet explain it. Every attempt to assign

the phenomenon to ordinary rules of human conduct has failed: in fact, the inquiry is only interesting as a proof of the vanity of closet theories. At one time I thought it might be the fault of the gown, that it was too heavy; but no, this is no "facinus majoris abollæ." If it were so, I argued, the heavier the gown the less would it be worn; but experience proves that the reverse is the case. A master's gown is worn always, a bachelor's often, a scholar's sometimes, and of a commoner's only can it be said, that it is worn, in some colleges at least, never. But, I thought, perhaps undergraduates are very delicate, and, nursed in the lap of luxury, shrink even from that slight burden; but I looked abroad and saw the proctor speaking to a person whose scarf-pin would have outweighed a commoner's gown, while the labour of carrying a doctor's would have been nothing to that of leading the reluctant bull-terrier which followed the unfortunate man. Perhaps, I said to myself, they do not wish to be recognized as members of the University: but I found that the most scrupulous avoiders of the gown were freshmen, whom I could not suspect of any such delicacy. Several other motives occurred to my mind only to be rejected at once, such as indolence, deliberate contempt of authority, and others still more alien from the undergraduate mind. At last I gave up the inquiry in despair.*

I remember hearing, when I first came to Oxford, that Clubs existed in certain Colleges, for mutual insurance against those fines by which the Proctors attempt to cherish the old costume. No member of such a Club was on any pretence to wear a gown in the street; and if, in performance of his duty to the Club in this particular, he should encounter a Proctor, his loss was defrayed from the common funds of the Society. I

* Since writing the above it has occurred to me, that to neglect the gown is the fashion: will this explain it?

confess I have not yet seen this excellent idea actually carried out. A friend of mine, however, who is fond of all that is old, established a Society with an opposite object: he called it the S. P. W. A. C. or Society for Promoting the Wearing of Academical Costume. He collected twenty members, all men who had hitherto been negligent in this particular. Each was to state, on entering, the average amount of his terminal expenditure in fines. The sum, varying from five to thirty shillings, formed his terminal subscription. The funds of the Club were to be expended in a banquet to be partaken of in full academical costume. No member having rooms large enough to contain the whole Club, the banquet was held at a well-known hotel; and a stately meeting it was. But in time toasts were drunk, and songs sung, and the excitement of the Society knew no bounds. A leading member proposed that the use of bands be restored. It was carried unanimously. The Chairman proposed the health of bands. It was drunk with musical honours. They stood on chairs, they climbed on the table, every man in his cap and gown, and bands were pronounced, in stentorian harmony, to be "jolly good fellows." But in the midst the Proctor entered. Alas! the caps and gowns only aggravated the distress of the S. P. W. A. C., and the Society had no balance in hand to pay the fines.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. X. TUESDAY, FEB. 11. 1868.

An ingenious friend has placed at my disposal a manuscript entitled "Ethics of an Undergraduate." It is a large work, containing ten books, and its plan is not new; still I think a few selections from it may be amusing. The following are from the First Book.

Every don and every doctor, and almost every master and even bachelor, has a kind of contempt for an undergraduate. Wherefore the latter has been well defined as that which is beneath the notice of a graduate. But between graduates there are considerable differences; some get degrees only, and others certain further emoluments. Those who get further emoluments generally value the emoluments more than the degree, and they are usually more donnish than those who get a degree only. Further, in any one faculty where there are several degrees, as for instance a doctor and a bachelor in divinity, and in arts a master and a bachelor—in all these the fees are higher for the higher degrees; in fact, some have suggested that it is for the sake of the fees that the degrees were invented.

* * * * *

If then there is one object of this kind in view, and the rest of life in Oxford aims at that object, and one cannot reasonably stay up for ever, (for in that case the expense to one's father would be infinite) it is clear that the sooner a

degree is obtained the better. Surely then some knowledge of the means of getting degrees will be very useful. We will endeavour then roughly to determine whose business it is to confer this knowledge. People will suggest the tutors and professors. Here again comes a difficulty; for either a tutor must compel a man to learn, which is impossible, or a man must himself be willing to learn, which seems to be absurd. This question, however, will be considered, when we come to discuss the voluntary. And again it may be inquired whether it is all the same to learn in a class or alone, which is the dispute between private tutors and college tutors; and this is also a difficult question and must be left to the Commissioners. But this is clear, that if learning can be obtained as well in a class as alone, the former method should be adopted, for it is the easiest and the cheapest; and that which is the cheapest is the best, which again is a subject for Political Economy.

* * * * *

But to return: since everybody aims at something, what is it that the undergraduate aims at, and what is the best way for him to spend his time? Professedly every one allows that it is a degree, and reading the best occupation, but in practice there are many different opinions. These may be gathered from the different modes of life. And there are of these three particularly prominent, the do-nothing, the sportive, and the studious. Of the studious we will speak later. Of the sportive there are five kinds: the low, the fast, the cricketing, the boating, and the athletic. And each of these again contains many classes. The low is brutish, and is divided into the gambling, the drinking, and others equally unworthy. Obviously this cannot be the true life of the undergraduate. The fast is unfortunately sometimes mixed with the last kind, and is always in danger of being mistaken for it. It contains the hunter, tandem-driver, and others. Those who play cards

(except whist) are divided between this and the one above mentioned. To this class also belong the wearers of gay apparel, and in short, all who aspire to the life of men about town. This is not the right life for two reasons: first, a degree is seldom obtained by it, and secondly we may see from the practice of lawgivers, that they make statutes against the peculiarities of the fast class. Of the three remaining classes, the cricketing is richer and idler than the boating, and is more akin to the fast: the boating is akin to the studious class, and is divided into rowers in skiffs, tubs, and eights; and these again, into University, College, and Torpid eights, but of these we may learn more on the towing path. The last division of the Sportive class, viz., the athletic, will be discussed more at length, because it has been opposed by those who appear to be of some importance in the University. The inquiry is painful, because those who have moved in the matter are dons; but when the choice is between dons and undergraduates, one must side with the undergraduates.

[I have omitted the polemic which follows, because it is animated by something of that bitter spirit too often seen in philosophical criticisms: it is a refutation of the doctrine that the Inter-University Sports ought to be stopped, which the author calls an Absurd Idea.]

* * * * *

It seems not alien from this subject to consider whether anyone can be called a passman before he has passed, or whether we ought not rather to wait and see the end. If, however, the latter opinion be adopted, how can he be a passman when he has passed? for we regard the passman's state as one of expectancy, and it would seem absurd to call one who had gone down a passman, for where shall we draw the line, for then even old men would be called passmen? On the other hand, if we call an undergraduate a passman it involves a

difficulty, for perhaps he may not pass after all. And yet it would be hard that the stigma of being a passman should cling to a man all his life when he is perhaps a Bishop or Lord Chancellor. So then, perhaps, we might call the Undergraduate a Passman prospectively, and when he has passed, actually; but it is better for him gradually to drop the title.

[My friend begs me to mention that the Right of Translation is reserved.]

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XI. TUESDAY, FEB. 18. 1868.

"The police have succeeded in capturing several Fenians who were very much wanted, and are on the track of others." Such announcements have been common during the late troublous times, and very satisfactory they are. First catch your Fenian, and then—I hope you will know what to do with him. But the expression is striking. "Very much wanted, a conspirator!" Strange desideratum! It reminds one of the board at the Union where tutors and curates express their wants, or that part of the *Times* which is devoted to housemaids and governesses. But tutors and housemaids are only "wanted;" the superlative is reserved for Fenians. The demands of Justice are particularly urgent, perhaps her cries are the louder because they are so often ineffectual. Still perhaps it is well for the peace and quiet of mankind that her arrangements are not more complete; that she does not enter into the details of crime, or fix inevitably on her victims. We should all be "very much wanted" for something or other, even here in Oxford, from the gentleman who took an umbrella by mistake, to the man who has ruined a widowed mother by dog-carts and sealskin waistcoats. What an Inquisition there might be if the requisite machinery were set at work in Oxford, under the patronage of the Vice-Chancellor, and by special permission of the Worshipful the Mayor! But it must be very secret. I fear the Fenian who is "very much wanted" learns his importance from the papers, and is careful not to supply the demand,

but the victims of our Inquisition, like those of that old tribunal, must not be aware of the rise in their value till they find themselves in the market.

What fun to see one's friend led off as he stood before Ryman's window, for pretending to be a rich man and to live magnificently at home, while his father was working and saving to keep him here! What fun to hear that one's fellow lodger had been called up in the night for gluttony! Might we not respectfully suggest the plan to the authorities, or would they be wanted themselves? Perhaps—terrible but yet happy thought—some one would want the *Oxford Spectator*. How regularly one would go to lecture, if the idea could be worked out, if only to see who were gone since last time! Monday morning, ten o'clock, fourteen pupils present. Mr. A., the senior man, is sent for during the lecture; Mr. Newcome asks leave to retire early, as he is wanted elsewhere. Tuesday morning, eight pupils present; but the Reverend the Dean does not appear: he had been very much wanted during the night. But then what of the University Eight? We should see in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "Two more of the Oxford crew have disappeared. The betting is now five to four on Cambridge. It is reported that Stroke is very much wanted; should this prove to be the case Oxford will find no backers." Then, at the Athletic Sports, Cambridge brings down her best runners, but very inferior rivals are matched against them: she wins several races: the hopes of Oxford rest on the "Quarter-mile," but just as the judge says "Are you ready?" some one plucks Mr. Podocus by the sleeve, for pretending that he had stumbled in the hundred yards race, and Oxford is left to despair.

No! I see it will not do—we could never get on under such a system unless we could induce the Cambridge authorities to take it up at the same time. Only fancy Commemora-

tion! The hero of the Newdigate is unhappily obliged to leave the rostrum, while the public orator is warming to his work. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was to have been made a D.D., but was unfortunately unable to attend.

But we might have an Inquisition for cases of treachery or dishonesty only: then there would be no fear of breaking up Oxford Society. Do you think so? Why, Sir, said Dr. Johnson, Oxford in the middle of Term would be as empty as a school where the scarlet fever has broken out. First all the young gentlemen who were "assisted" in the Schools last Term (they will hear more about it) would be taken; before long all moneyless gamblers would catch it; numbers of unhappy men would never return from expeditions to London undertaken with the innocent purpose of seeing their dentist; while another, whose strength of constitution had enabled him to last till May, would be taken at Epsom on his way to an uncle's funeral. If I had my way, all who ask for my photograph when they do not want it, all who borrow my books, and, above all, the man overhead, who promised not to play the harmonium at night;—all these should be tapped on the shoulder as they came out of Hall. Possibly, we might now and then miss a venerable don who ought never to have signed the Articles, or a tutor who was ordained that he might keep his fellowship. However, my pen runs on about other people while nothing is more certain than that I should retire myself with the first batch of "valde desiderati," unless, indeed, I were left abroad to chronicle the disgrace of my friends. But I would rather answer to my name fairly with the rest, or else see them all safe: and perhaps the latter course is the best; so, Reader, if you will kindly not mention what we have been talking about we will let it drop for the present.

At the risk of its seeming incongruous after this trifling, I cannot refuse a place to the following manly letter.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR

As you seem to be something of a reformer, though, I confess, I think you a little shy of speaking out, I venture to ask room for my grievance. Your ancestor, of whose writings I am a great admirer, was often addressed, and sometimes wrote himself, on the subject of sermons. Now I am not fond of abusing sermons, or repeating the common-place jokes about them, which are the cant of irreverent men. Our good Head, when he does preach in Chapel, makes me wish that he did so oftener; so of that matter I have nothing to complain. My grievance is the reading of the Lessons. Those undergraduates to whom this office falls, I divide into two classes. One sort, the more numerous, read as if greatly ashamed of their position; their tone sounds like a constant apology for taking up the time of their hearers. One would think the subject of the Lesson was a childish or unpleasant one; so reluctant are they to bring it before the public, so careful that it should not be heard, and so eager to get it over. Can anything be done to assure them that even careless men think they might as well do the thing decently while they are about it, and that thoughtful men are constantly indignant to find that this is the one matter in which failure is indifferent or even creditable to men who are eager to succeed in everything else.

The other sort are noisy, vulgar and ostentatious, apparently finding here an opportunity for displaying their eloquence. Though these are less culpable than the contemptuous readers, still I wish you would induce them to rant at the Union instead.

SEVERUS.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XII. TUESDAY, FEB. 25. 1868.

As I have heard some favourable opinions of those passages from the "Ethics of an Undergraduate" which I offered to my readers a fortnight ago, I venture to give to-day a selection from the second book of the same treatise.

Examinations are of two kinds, Pass and Class; wherefore also a learned Professor has written a book upon those two kinds. Now the Class Examination depends in great measure upon reading, and therefore requires both time and talent; but the Pass may be obtained more easily, and should be got over as soon as possible, whence it has, with a slight alteration, derived its name, as that which has to be passed or got over. Now it is evident that these examinations are not natural. For custom cannot break through nature, whereas we do find that the habit of hunting breaks through the regularity of attendance at lectures. On the other hand, though the system appears absolutely unnatural in its cruelty, yet we see that the statutes contemplate its possibility. It is, therefore, neither natural nor absolutely unnatural. Further, in everything that comes by nature we first have the faculty and then exert our energies, but in this case we must first exert our energies before we can be enrolled in any faculty. This is the case in the faculty of Arts and also in that of Medicine. And in all examinations it may be noticed that the origin and the results are similar, for men pass

by coaching, and as soon as they have passed they are able to coach, or if this be not always the case, at least they think themselves able to do so.

Since this science is a practical one, (we inquire what a pass is, that we may pass; or else what would be the good of it?) we must consider examinations, how they are to be faced, for on this the degree depends. And let us never despair of success, for the graduate and the undergraduate differ not in kind but only in degree. Examinations are made up of paper-work and "viva voce;" the latter will be considered later. The papers adhere to no fixed rule, any more than the faces of the examiners. And if this be the case with the papers generally, still more is it impossible to anticipate the individual questions; and in this indeed lies the main difficulty. For that which exactly suits a man who has been coached by A, is unintelligible to the pupil of B, so that in a matter of this kind accuracy cannot be expected. And indeed it cannot be too often impressed upon examiners that accuracy must not be expected.

The pleasure or pain felt by the undergraduate is no criterion of his probable success; for we have often noticed, that those who are most exultant fail most signally, and this is particularly the case in 'viva voce.' Pleasure leads a man to answer more than he ought, and not as he ought: pain leads him to answer as he ought not, and so far is like pleasure; but in this it differs, that it oftener leads him not to answer at all.

Now a person might naturally ask, What is the use of an Examination? For either a man knows the answers or he does not; if he knows them, the object of the University is obtained already, and if not, he does not answer, and the questioning is vain; so the examination is either superfluous or fruitless. And this difficulty may be raised in some cases of 'viva voce' with still greater force; for before the victim sits down the

examiner has made up his mind to plough him, (for in want of a better word, I shall use this expression for those who fail) and why then should he be examined ?

It is important to consider how questions should be answered ; for there being three ways or methods, each of these has its advantages. The first and most usual is by guessing, under which may be included the writing of what one knows whether it be asked or not. This is not the best method for five reasons. First, we are complimented by the examiners not for answering luckily or ingeniously, but rightly. Secondly, a guess has the nature of an accident, but answering is a necessity. Again, the same persons who are best at guessing riddles and such like, are not most successful in the Schools. Fourthly, because all cannot be expected to arrive at the same result by guessing, and yet the same questions are set to all. And lastly, because this method has very rarely been known to produce the right answer. A second method is that of copying, which admits of all kinds and degrees of underhand dealing. At first sight it would seem unnecessary to discuss this method, especially among persons who pretend to be gentlemen, but it has gained some notoriety because many persons used it last Term. Now in all dishonesty, whether continuous or occasional, there is something mean. And I call that objectionably mean, which is not always carried to extremes, but in which it is possible to shelter oneself under the apology,

"Of nicely calculated less or more."

So that this objectionable variety is doubly mean, because a man not only misrepresents himself and misleads his examiner, but further is led to apologise to his friends by saying that the offence was small, and using the words of the poet,

"I only copied what I didn't know."

This too, though small at first, increases by arithmetical progression ; seeing that between one fault and another there is

but a mean difference, and when a man's knowledge is defective his dishonesty will be extreme. And again, all this method is relatively mean, that is, towards others examined at the same time. For it is the nature of an examiner necessarily to plough a certain number every day, so that the passing of an ignorant man is the ploughing of an honest man, which seems to be absurd. But what especially seems to show that this is mean, is, that we call others mean who do it, while secretly we do it ourselves. Therefore this method may be defined as an energy of the mind not according to virtue and objectionably mean.

Since then this cannot be the right method, and neither is that by guessing, it remains that the method of knowledge is the best.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 3. 1868.

I know not where I have heard the following curious little story. In a certain secluded village, a young man of considerable position but of no great gravity or discretion thought fit, on the death of his ass, to adorn himself with a cap made of its head and ears. The neighbours were delighted with the joke. The contrast between the intrinsic worth of the wearer and the contemptible head-dress which he wore tickled them so much, that each father of a family procured an ass's ears and re-enacted the joke before his wife and children, who in turn took pleasure in decking themselves and one another with imitations of the same ornament. Before long no one in the village was without it, and gradually it became the usage of the place; so that to this day no other head-dress is worn there, either by inhabitants or visitors, than the ears of an ass.

I was reminded of this story by the visit of a friend, who has adopted to the fullest extent those ornaments of language which flourish in Oxford under the name of slang. Many of these are words and expressions invented, in the beginning, to meet the convenience or necessities of costermongers, betting-men and thieves. Adopted at first in joke, (it was so funny to hear a gentleman talking like a thief) they have become, like the ass's ears, part of the fashion of the place. Some words which rank as slang have a higher origin than this, but all are derived from classes (for all slang words are class words) less educated, that is, less fit to mould the language than ourselves.

It appears, therefore, that our language in Oxford is being gradually, but with increasing rapidity, leavened with an inferior element. Now with a body of men who profess to be improving in clearness of thought and largeness of sympathy the reverse ought to be the case. It would not be so strange, if in Oxford the best words of old English writers were revived, and the best foreign words imported; but it is, it seems to me, strange indeed that the University should be a means of naturalizing in the language and introducing into cultivated society the technical terms of burglars and pickpockets.

In days of old Oxford men invented a sort of pedantic slang, giving Latin and Greek names to English things; calling, for instance, old Father Thames Isis, and so shutting him out for ever from this part of his waters. This kind of slang must have been very dreary, but comparatively harmless, for I think it cannot have been very largely adopted. The following, however, do seem to me unworthy :—

* * * * *

I had got as far as this, when the friend whose visit suggested this paper suddenly returned for his walking-stick, which he had left, with its enormous tassel, in my room. I had not time to hide my manuscript: he seized it; saw at a glance what it was; and threatened to reveal at once the name and College of the "Oxford Spectator," unless I allowed him to read it. Of course I could not but comply; and was, as I told him, not a little amused by the expression of his face, when he found himself introduced into my Speculation. But he dissented entirely from my position; asked what phrases I had been intending to mention, and, on hearing them, gave me a rating which I shall not soon forget. And, indeed, it is very lucky for me that he came in, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him, and at the same time expressing my regret that I had not before appreciated duly his learning and talents. But for his

timely help I should have made myself ridiculous by a libel on the origin and pedigree of a number of phrases which I now acknowledge to be sprung from the happy union of wit and learning. In case my readers should be as ignorant in this matter as myself, I have persuaded my friend to draw up a little table or dictionary, showing the history of a few of the expressions which I had nearly ventured to condemn.

Good Business. An expression of satisfaction. Our fathers said "Good" simply, the "bonum" of the Middle Ages. But "bonum," as we all know, is more fully, "bonum negotium," ("bonum, sc. negotium." Old Latin Grammar)—the modern phrase, *good business*, is therefore a strict equivalent of the old Latin usage.

Awfully. Synonymous with "*very.*" This word dates from the revival of Greek letters; when Scholars attempted, somewhat pedantically, to imitate the use of δεινῶς. Δεινῶς ἡδύ is the English "awfully jolly." Somewhat similar is the drapers' phrase, "a sweet thing in neckties;" an obvious imitation of that expression of Herodotus, "a large thing in pigs."

Pal. A friend or associate. Originally Pyl. It is a corruption of the name of Pylades, celebrated as the friend of Orestes. The burden of the modern song, "He's a *pal* o' mine," is a plagiarism from the well-known line

Ille mihi Pylades, ille sodalis erat.

Cad. A term of reproach. It is of comparatively recent origin, and was originally applied to Radicals by their political opponents, being derived from the Greek κάδος, a ballot-box.

Spree. The Latin "ludus:" dates from the Pre-reformation era, when a Club was formed called the Societie for Promoting Rare and Eccentrick Enioyements.

I quote no further from my friend's table, because the history of this last word curiously fits in with a remark I wanted to make. These initials, representing words known only to the

writer, are becoming more numerous and more unintelligible every day—A man might as soon write his whole letter in initials, as sign himself so mystically as does the person whose note I received the other day. Here it is: by some accident the appeal alluded to was not enclosed:—

Sir,

May I beg you to circulate in your admirable paper the enclosed appeal? It will speak for itself.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Hon. Sec., O.U.A.F.R.A.S.P.G.

Now what can this gentleman mean? I have looked at his symbols for some time, but can only gather this: that he is honorary secretary of the Oxford University Association For Roasting A Senior Proctor Gratis!

C

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XIV. TUESDAY, MARCH 10. 1868.

The Reader may possibly recollect that I once had occasion to mention my Aunt as interested in Oxford affairs. Well, the good lady has just had a very great pleasure, in the sudden return of her brother, my only uncle by the mother's side, after an unexplained absence of eighteen years. Being unwilling to incur the trouble of preparing his MSS. for a London publisher, he has kindly put into my hands a short account of his travels.

When you, my dear Nephew, were still a very little boy, I went to China as agent of the celebrated tea-dealers, M. and N. From early boyhood susceptible to female charms, I did not lose this disposition even among strangers. In short, before I had been two months in China, I was violently in love. The details of my courtship I will pass over: the hideous character of my rival I could not describe. Suffice it to say that he ran away with Loo-See, and I pursued. They took junk upon one of the immense canals by which that country is intersected; and I still pursued. But it appears that amid the complicated maze of canals, I took a wrong turning, which led me at length to a great river. Up this river, for three hundred leagues, alone in my small junk, I followed, as I thought, the guilty pair; but they, all the while, were safe in Pekin. At last I arrived at a very fertile and highly populous country,

where the fields are not larger than a table-cloth, but, like our table-cloths at home, bear two or three crops every day: the population is about three millions to the square mile. Here I lived for fifteen happy years; and, as the manners of the people are curious, I will give you some little account of them.

The name of the place is to me unpronounceable: the natives express it by a kind of chirp; though, if written, it fills twelve large volumes. To learn to read these is the object of a native's political ambition. The king can read them all, and wears twelve caps accordingly. Those who can read one, two, or a greater number are made mandarins, and wear a cap for each volume. For myself, during the fifteen years I spent there, I could not get through more than the first four pages, and so did not obtain the franchise, for which eleven pages are required on the canals, and thirteen on land.

These people profess to be the original Chinese, and have so far avoided all intercourse with the spurious Chinese, that in Hongkong their very existence is unknown. Their manners have been unchanged for five million years: and during all that time they have been fully acqnainted with the art of photography, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the income-tax, compound householder, and other blessings of modern civilization. But the odd thing is that these arts are so old, and yet are put to so little use. They have Snider rifles, but use them only to frighten the birds; they can photograph men to perfection, and use the *carte de visite* size, but they have never attempted to photograph women;* their steam engines are only used as toys, and the telegraph is employed only in a curious game, something like our Cross Questions and Crooked Answers. The ladies punish their lapdogs (the barbarous practice of eating dogs is unknown) by brushing their hair by

* It may be that they have advisedly abstained, out of a pure chivalry, from extending this system of caricature to women.

machinery: I cannot say how disgusted I am to find this degrading process applied in Europe to the human head.

Their chronology is very strange; for their year contains seven hundred and thirty one days, just twice as many as it need have. This anomaly was discovered about three millions of years ago by a great astronomer and lawgiver, who suggested the ingenious device for correcting the calendar, which his countrymen still employ—namely, to leave out every other year.

In their persons this race are small, as might be expected from the narrow space into which they are packed, but very elegant. They wear no hair at all, but a square cap, like that which you, my dear Nephew, wear at Oxford. This is seen on men and women at all times; to be without it is accounted the greatest disgrace; and to take it off in a person's presence is an insult. I greatly offended ladies of my acquaintance, during the first year of my stay, by taking off my hat to them. In other respects their dress is like that of the spurious Chinese. The women have no feet; or rather, their legs end in a point, so that in the wet season they can walk better than the men, their feet sticking into the ground like cricket stumps. This provision of nature is well adapted for the soft rice-fields of which the country consists; and the want of it has led the spurious Chinese, who have toes like the rest of mankind, to make their feet as small as possible. At present, however, they fall between two stools, for their feet are neither large enough to walk on the soft surface, nor sharp enough to stick into it.

This and other points of similarity lead me to think that the Chinese, with whom Europeans are acquainted, are a degenerate branch of this original tribe, and separated ages ago from the prime stock, driven to emigrate, no doubt, by over population.

I carefully inquired whether the archives of the nation or

the scientific records preserved in their great universities* contained any intimation that the world had changed in its form or inhabitants during the long history of this people. I found, however, no traces of such changes, with these two exceptions, which I take to be a testimony in favour of Mr. Darwin's theories: first it is said, that the mouths of the dogs have become larger in districts much infected by thieves; secondly, that in former times some of the women were ugly and others beautiful, whereas now all are ugly; and that this change was caused by the invasion of a hostile tribe, who carried off all the handsome women and left only the ugly, by a process, it seems to me, of natural selection.

C

* I shall try to get my Uncle to give me some details about these Universities.—O.S.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XV. TUESDAY, MARCH 17. 1868.

During the past week I have had but little leisure for making and noting down my observations. My attention has been, unhappily, engrossed by the ceaseless talk of my friends anent the Boat Race and the Athletic Sports. I say "unhappily," because, from hearing so much of the coming contests on Thames and turf, I have become the victim of a wild and horrible fear, which has kept me almost fully employed since last Tuesday. I have been asking myself the following questions:—How, if there should be a Cambridge Spectator? What, if he should challenge me to some diabolical struggle, to be called an inter-University competition, and to settle, annually, our rival claims to pre-eminence? What would probably be my feelings if the newspapers should begin to give interesting notices of the health and doings of the competitors? "The Cambridge Spectator yesterday partook of oysters." "The Oxford Spectator passed a good night, and woke up smiling." What would be the nature of this agonising test? Would it be for me or for him to arrange the preliminaries? Should we be allowed to hold our Sport at Oxford, or should we be compelled to rent a room in London? Should we require a pistol and referee, and, if so, by whom would the firearm and the office be severally discharged? Finally,—in what strange unwonted dress should I be forced to appear? To these queries, and to others like them, I have been able to arrive at no satisfactory solution. I can hardly

suppose it possible that anyone could call upon me to make any physical effort; and so I assume that the challenge, when it comes, will be to a trial of wit. Shall we then,—the Cambridge Spectator and I,—be encouraged by the rival shouts of our respective partisans to make puns and say good things, one against the other? Must we contend in extempore sonnet, or essay, or epic? Shall we not surely be fined for giving, without a license, an entertainment consisting, in part, of dialogue? Who—to sum my interrogatories—will play Palæmon to our Menalcas and Damætas? I refuse to consider the subject any longer. I have forbidden my landlady to admit strangers to my rooms, and I have further desired my bookseller to forward to me no letters bearing the Cambridge postmark. If, after all my precautions, I should still be provoked to the lists, it is my purpose to resign my Spectatorship and to retire into private life.

Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

It was my intention to have unfolded to my readers, this week, a new scheme of University Reform, upon which I have been musing for some months. I have now left myself, I fear, neither time nor space in which to do justice to the subject as I have conceived of it. But I have resolved upon publishing my ideas in the rough, in preference to allowing them to remain a secret for another week. My paper will be, perhaps, bald: I shall, therefore, think it not unkind in my critics if they should give it a wigging.

College tutors are expected to make some show of preparation for every lecture which they compel their pupils to attend.

Ten pound notes to private tutors are forbidden. Undergraduates are advised to devote the money thus saved to the defrayment of their tailors' bills.

Any member of the University appearing at Service in his College Chapel in unsuitable attire, will be expected to scull twice to Iffley and back in a frock-coat and a tall hat.

Any gentleman at a wine-party who mistakes blasphemy or obscenity for conviviality, is to be straightway notified of his error by the process of forcible expulsion from the room.

A rowing man, though guilty of the heinous sin of meeting his oar or omitting to feel his stretcher, is not necessarily to be considered a reprobate and useless member of society.

In general conversation, cricket slang must only be used rarely; rowing and athletic slang more seldom; theatrical slang never.

Articles deposited in the umbrella-stands at the Union are not to be esteemed common property. "Borrowing" has not such a pretty sound as "larceny," but it has a more reputable signification.

Comic singers of tenth-rate abilities are, for the future, to be refused permission to sing their offensive nonsense in Oxford.

Brawling Undergraduates are reminded that the person who checks their exuberant gaiety, if a Proctor, is a gentleman, and is not upon the same social footing with a policeman.

A distinction should be drawn between the man "whom nobody knows" and the man "whom everybody cuts." It is possible that many causes, (as poverty, reserve, sensitiveness,) may keep a man unknown in his college, while he is neither Bæotian in mind, nor brusque in manner.

It is suggested to certain college authorities that some arrangements should be promptly made, by which a decent dinner could be obtained at a decent price, within the college walls. (If this is found to be impracticable, could not the

Proctors modify the existing restrictions with reference to dining at the "Mitre," "Randolph," "Clarendon," etc.?)

It would give me great pleasure to see the following additional regulations in force, but I fear me they are something Utopian:—

Candidates for any degree in any faculty may offer any books they may fancy, in which to be examined. The "Oxford Spectator" and the "Oxford Undergraduates' Journal" to count as one book.

Candidates for the Newdigate Prize for English Verse are not forced to sacrifice reason to rhyme. Poems in blank verse, if it be really blank verse, will be accepted.

Undergraduates are entreated to be clamorous and babyish next Commemoration Day, to afford the authorities some pretext for doing away with a tedious and fatiguing ceremony.

No duns and no harmoniums are to be henceforth allowed in Oxford.

A graduated scale of abusive epithets has been drawn up, by authority, for the use of "coaches" on the river-bank. It is forbidden to use original expressions of vilification.

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XVI. TUESDAY, APRIL 21. 1868.

Gentle Reader, when did you come up?

I ask this foolish and wearisome question, in order that having now been stereotyped and fossilized, it may never be asked again. It is a question at once needless and pernicious; for the day of arrival is very generally known, and, if it were not, there would remain the objection, that the repeated assertion of an insignificant fact tends to weaken and finally to destroy the mind.

Without waiting, therefore, for an answer I proceed with my paper. Now I feel bound to write about the Summer Term: my thoughts are full of it, and my readers' probably are so too. But this is one of those subjects on which many able novelists have already dilated; the hero of a college novel always declares his passion during the Summer Term, after winning the Newdigate and bringing his boat to the head of the river. All the conventional descriptions are well known and fairly wearisome; yet what new thing is there to be said? If I had ever witnessed a Summer Term in an Aztec University, or "kept" a Metageitnion with the agreeable Horace at Athens, then I might draw a contrast or a parallel. If even I had been at Oxford in days when cider-cup was yet unknown, when our heroes had no pony-chaises to carry their dainty strength to the cricket ground, and only their mothers and sisters indulged in their afternoon drive, "pilentis in mollibus;" if I could tell how the dons spent their time when there was no croquet to give scope for their

manly minds; if in fact I knew anything about the subject which is not known to every one else, then I might have something to say.

But I am forgetting the freshmen. They do know less than I do, and to them a few words of friendly counsel must be addressed. "Young man," I should say to such an one, "you are now entering on a very important part of your university career. Your position as a cricketer will be established in the next three weeks. Your powers of idleness are about to be tested, and the strength of your head tried. If you read this term you will do well, so also will you if you escape intoxication. Do not fall into the snare of many ribbons, for they are going out of fashion. Beware of men who offer to go in a punt with you; such men will not help you except by their countenance, but will occupy the cushions. Beware of morning chapel, or you may chance to get some work done before the enjoyments of the day begin. Beware of going to bed early, or you will have a great appetite for breakfast, which is not economical. This is the term for showing your taste in dress, and encouraging your tradesmen. It is a good thing to wear lavender gloves on the towing-path. A very small cane will be necessary for the hot weather. For shirts, those covered with photographs of celebrated jockeys may be worn with advantage, especially about the time of the Derby."

"If these injunctions be attended to, you may expect a very pleasant term, and one which will long live in your memory."

The Freshman is hardly likely to be disappointed; next year he will be; no other Summer Term will ever equal the memories of his first. When I look back to my own experience I find one scene, of all in Oxford, most deeply engraved upon "the mindful tablets of my soul." And yet not a scene only, but a fairy compound of smell and sound and sight and thought. The wonderful scent of the meadow air just above

Iffley on a hot May evening, and the gay colours of twenty boats along the shore, the poles all stretched out from the bank to set the boats clear; and the sonorous cries of "ten seconds more" all down from the Green Barge to the Lasher. And yet that unrivalled moment is only typical of all the Term; the various elements of beauty and pleasure are concentrated there. The action is not so engrossing, I mean to a spectator, as to exclude the ornaments of imagination and these the surroundings abundantly supply. If a man is not a poet in the Summer Term at Oxford, Helicon itself will never inspire him. O cold and bleak Parnassus, with thy grey peaks and blue distances, or even in thy sunset vesture of rosy snow, what charm hast thou to compare to the warm human sympathy of an evening by the Isis?

It will be seen that I connect the Summer Term with poetry and sentiment. This, I confess, is my meaning; I regard it as the special gift of this part of the year that it feeds and nourishes that part of our minds which has too little play in the rest of our Oxford life, I mean the imagination. We work hard, or we play hard; and for rest we indulge in the exchange of repartee aud incipient cynicism. Our fun takes the form of that incessant burlesque, which I believe to be very injurious: it is the laborious attempt at merriment of an age which, even in its play, cannot forget business for a moment. We are at a time of life when enthusiasm and romance are natural; but we suppress these, I think, too much. A little sentimental nonsense would do many of us good; and this we may get very well in punts on the Cherwell, evening rides over Shotover, or the other gentle delights of this season of *couleur de rose*. I shall be told that College Rhymes bear witness to the cultivation of poetry among us, and no doubt they do; but the writers are few out of all Oxford, and, as I fancy, are just those who least need any encouragement to the *desipere in loco*.

Wander then, gentle Reader, by cool streams, &c., &c., and if you produce a very pretty little song or sonnet, send it to me, and it shall have a place in the "Oxford Spectator."

There is one way of enjoying the Summer Term, to which I have not alluded. The balmy evenings may be spent in stifling billiard-rooms; this may be followed by cards and champagne till midnight; then the divine sky and the loving stars may look down on drunken boys shouting out their hoarse oaths and obscenities, as they go sick and dirty to their beds. The sun will rise and all the world live through half a golden day, before they wake to repeat the same nauseous routine. These, good freshman, are men of the world; they are seeing life. But if you do join them, postpone it till the fogs of November, when you will lose less, and be less noticed.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 28. 1868.

The hour is come, and the man. Circumstances have arisen which seem to render it incumbent on the Oxford Spectator that he should promulgate a scheme of his for the disestablishment of the Randolph Hotel. I feel myself in duty bound to take this course, because it is wrong, in my judgment, to support any hotel in any place where it is the hotel of the minority. Now the Randolph Hotel in Oxford is obviously in this position. I believe that I am correct in stating that, of the men who are in residence and who dine every day, only twelve per cent. eat their dinner in that coffee-room which commands a view of the Martyrs' Memorial; the remaining eighty-eight per cent. dine, some at the Mitre, Clarendon, and other hotels of different denominations, while not a few content themselves with commons in college. No one can be more deeply aware than myself of the gigantic importance of the step which I advocate: I have arrived at my determination not without much thought, and I confidently rely upon the support of all respectable members of society. It is my wish to consult, in any movements which I may make, the convenience of the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, the Worshipful the Mayor, and, I may add, the Proprietors of the Randolph Hotel. I intend, therefore, to ask those gentlemen to afford me such opportunity for the enunciation of my plan as may be in their power, consistently with the exigencies of their manifold duties. If this

request should be denied, I shall, as an independent member of the University, provide for myself. I decide, fully acknowledging the advantages of a happy choice of time and place, to bring forward my scheme in the Sheldonian Theatre upon Commemoration Day. My proposal will take the form of three Resolutions, which are as follows:—

1st. That it is expedient that the Randolph Hotel in Oxford should cease to exist as an Establishment, due regard being had to all personal interests and individual expectations of dinners.

2nd. That, subject to the foregoing considerations, it is expedient to prevent the creation of new personal interests by the issue of any needless dinner invitations, and to confine the operations of intending entertainers to objects of immediate necessity, or involving necessary returns of hospitality, pending the final decision of the Oxford Spectator and other University authorities.

3rd. That a humble address be presented to the Shareholders of the Randolph Hotel Company, humbly to pray that they will place at the disposal of the Oxford Spectator their interest in the dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, and the other necessaries and luxuries of the Randolph Hotel.

In all this I should, as I stated above, take especial care that vested interests should not be allowed to suffer. It is beyond my purpose, at present, to give any detailed account of my probable course of action; but I may sketch the general plan of my operations. In matters of feeling,—and many such must arise,—a policy of conciliation shall be my aim, while doubtful claims must be treated in an equitable spirit. Persons who are actually dining at the moment when my plan comes into operation, may finish their dinners at their leisure; billiard-

players are to complete their game. Persons who have ordered dinners, or to whom dinners are owed, will be considered as actual diners, and arrangements will be made for their convenience. Great tenderness, also, will be displayed in the case of Freshmen and other recent Endowments.

I observed above that I have given much thought to this subject. No one can with any fairness charge me with precipitancy. Indeed, to some I may even appear to have waited too long; by these the question asked will be, not, "Why have you published this proposal now?" but, "Why have you not published this proposal before?" To such questions I would answer that the Academic mind is but now ripe and ready for the discussion which I introduce. While my first sixteen numbers were in process of production, other matters,—as rowing, running, reading,—were thought to be of paramount importance. The summer days have brought a cessation from such themes, and I am resolved that my achievement shall be the great Act which shall give a name to the Term.

It is idle to argue that the same hand which touches the ark and disestablishes the Randolph, may also disestablish the Mitre and the Clarendon. The Union which exists between the Clarendon and the Randolph, as most will allow, has been far from strong lately. There is no reason, then, why the disestablishment of one hotel and the confiscation of its revenues should lead to the adoption of a similar course with the other.

In conclusion, let me beg my friends not to believe that I am actuated by selfish feelings in what I am doing. I am, in fact, depriving myself of possible dinners to which I might have been invited this Term, and therefore, if I had been merely influenced by considerations of parties, I might have done better to leave matters as they were. I am purely and distinctly free from all desire to live in any one street in preference to any other: I

am quite and quietly comfortable at present. I am led to the course which lies before me by principles only of anxiety to see a great wrong righted. It must be done, and at once; for justice delayed is justice denied.

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XVIII. TUESDAY, MAY 5. 1868.

My friend who last Term favoured me with the "Ethics of an Undergraduate," is so dissatisfied with the modern way of writing history, that he has tried a return to the oldest style of all, and now sends me his "Herodotean History of England." That part of it which relates to my readers I will quote, and can only hope that it will seem to them as satisfactory as it seems to me.

B. IV. ch. 1. Now concerning the Government and the forces of England, both in men and in ships, enough has been said. But because the English are masters of the Universe, they have founded two Universities, besides others; and these are inhabited by the Oxonici and the Cantabrigii. There is indeed another story, that the Universities were founded for the sake of universal learning; but this is less worthy of belief. Now of these two, the Oxonici and the Cantabrigii, the former are in every way more worthy; for they have a river which flows with a strong stream towards the rising sun, and they wear dark-blue. The Oxonici therefore shall be described, and their habitations, which they call Colleges; but some are called Halls.

2. Beginning from the railway station, you come to a people dwelling in houses, and buying and selling. These are not the true Oxonici, but a newer race of men; nor are they at all times peaceable, but sometimes revolt against the Oxonici;

therefore a prison has been built for them near to a mound. Beyond them the true Oxonici begin, of which the first tribe is that of the Pembroke-men, a not very numerous race, but some of them are athletic. Opposite is Christ Church, a powerful tribe, and of so great numbers that it is said that if any two tribes beside were to unite, their forces would fall short of those of Christ Church. Now these people have two names, for while their dwelling is called Christ Church by strangers, by others it is called The House, and they themselves Housemen. And the Housemen are in many ways an illustrious tribe; there is a Cathedral, and Hall such as none other for size and beauty; and it is difficult sufficiently to praise the House cook. Also this people is clad in various ways, nor does any other tribe of the Oxonici devote so much care to its apparel. But, when they celebrate their games on the river or the field, the Housemen wear blue, and upon it a Cardinal's hat, skilfully wrought in vermilion. Moreover, they are drivers of pony-chariots not the least, but the most, of all the Oxonici. Study they do not care for; and hence has arisen the perpetual feud between the Housemen and small but well-armed tribe of Examiners.

3. Beyond the Housemen live the two tribes of Corpus-men and Oriel-men, and further still the Merton-men. Of these the Corpus-men are studious; moreover, they wear blue and red, and are skilful with the oar. Here is a garden also, where the Corpus-men (but not all, only the seniors,) play croquet, a game in which ladies also join; indeed, it has been said that it was invented for them. But the Oriel-men do not play croquet; they play cricket, however, which is a different game and more entirely manly; and they wear white ribbons with three blue stripes, which, however, some say are blue ribbons with two white stripes, so various are men's opinions upon even well-known subjects.

4. Next, as was said, come the Merton-men. These are

not of one sort; but some hunt and some boat, and some play cricket, and some read. Others again do none of these things, while a few have been known to do more than one, as when a boating man has been seen playing cricket, or a reading man has rowed. This people also is in some degree magnificent in its dress, and rivals the Housemen. Here also are lectures, for which you pay three guineas.

5. Beyond, though at some distance, are the Magdalen-men, whose country is the most beautiful in the world. For here are cloisters, and a tower, from the top of which boys are said to sing. This, however, is incredible to me, for it is a high tower and such as no ladder could help a man to scale: how therefore could boys climb it? But I believe the story arose in this way. A certain traveller coming in the early dawn to the country of the Oxonici was yet not so early as a certain skylark, which as he crossed the bridge of the Magdalen-men had already entered the clouds and was singing. Now the traveller looked up, and seeing nothing, fancied it was the voices of boys from the tower, and, when he had arrived at the inn, told his friends so. In this way, it seems to me, the story arose. Magdalen also has a chapel, very beautiful, and deer, which the Magdalen-men pursue, and, if they catch, roast and eat. Hence it is that the Magdalen-men are such good runners. In old times they did not run, but walk; and even now the Magdalen Walks are famous.

6. Turning from the Magdalen-men, you go up High-Street, which the Oxonici call The High, and passing by many houses of the Pseudoxonici you come to two tribes. Of these the tribe on the right is that of the Queen's-men, but that on the left is prouder, and is the tribe of University-men. Here many dogs are kept, and a feud exists between the younger and the older men; so that sometimes the younger men rebel openly, and with screws and nails fasten up the doors of the

older men; nor can these discover the guilty ones. Thence you see the dwelling of the All-Souls'-men, if that can be called a dwelling which is deserted: for now there are no All-Souls'-men. Next is a Church, very beautiful, and a Dome, from which also you behold the tribe of the Brasenose-men, a numerous people, and one that excels in cricket-matches and in its boat; inasmuch as no tribe of men has yet been able to catch the boat of Brasenose-men when the yearly contests take place. Here also is a statue, and a nose larger than human, made of brass or of gold; for there is a doubt about it. There are also other tribes of the Oxonici, such as the Exeter-men, and the Jesus-men, who speak a foreign language; and the Balliol-men, who have new buildings and are philosophical. Also there are the St. John's-men, the Wadham-men, the Worcester-men, and many others.

7. Some of the customs of the different tribes have been told already, but there are others which are the same for all the Oxonici. They purchase largely from the Pseudoxonici, but they never pay for what they purchase. Also, they have a fear of their magistrates, whom they call Proctors; and a less fear for the smaller magistrates, whom they call uniformly Dons. But these, as being only able to gate, and not to fine, they do not avoid; but from the Proctors they run away. Also, in the summer-time they all wear ribbons, very curious in colour and texture, and they all in like manner were light coats. But on Sundays they do not wear light coats, for a reason which it is not lawful for me to mention.

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 12. 1868.

The plan on which Keble College is to be built has not yet, I think, been shown to the public, but it is my good fortune to have seen a design which is either accepted or at least offered for acceptance. The most striking feature about it is an imitation of the cloisters of Magdalen, decorated with strange figures, something like those in the original, illustrating in allegory or actual representation the peculiar points of Oxford in our time. Of these figures or groups, representing men, beasts or inanimate things, there are at least forty; but my memory will serve me only to mention a few of them.

On the West side, that of the setting sun, the architect will place, with a subtle irony, those things which are fading out of the world: on the East the new order is given; while the North and South are sculptured with symbols of those virtues and vices which are permanent in the human race; the vices on the North, and the virtues on the South. To begin with the West. On entering the quadrangle at the N.W. angle the observer will find immediately on his right a statue of a well-known tailor holding out a commoner's gown, with a face in which civility has almost yielded to despair, and underneath will be the motto, *Nemo togam sumit.* In the background a dog is gnawing a square cap. Beyond this a satyr and a figure of Silenus on his ass, represent the vice of drunkenness, which the hopeful artist has put among obsolete things. Between these two is to be a beautiful piece of mosaic work let into

the wall, representing a bill receipted; the words, "Positively for the last time," are written across the stamp. Further on I noticed the figure of a man stepping aside to make way for a woman who was meeting him on a narrow path. On the wall above these figures is carved an open book, on which are the words, "Lamb's Essay on Modern Gallantry." I ventured to expostulate with the architect when he showed me this, and to assure him that that unrivalled essay would never be obsolete, but he told me he meant only to intimate that its spirit was fading from the world. On the next buttress was an empty pulpit, several works of English divines, and a goat sitting upon them. A buttress beyond this was surmounted by a shield, on which was a boy's jacket, azure in a field of silver: above it was a boy's broad collar. I could not understand this, till I saw just opposite on the East side, a similar shield displaying a Newmarket coat of no heraldic colour and shirt adorned with dogs' heads. On crossing over I found that this East side contained groups corresponding to those on the West. Opposite to that of the academical tailor whose occupation is gone, stands a figure almost as well known holding a small box full of cut flowers elegantly tied together. Underneath it is the motto, *Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ.* With his unoccupied hand the man performs a military salute. Next to him, and opposite to the emblems of drunkenness, is a very elaborate toilette-table, covered with cosmetics and perfumes; underneath is a mask, with the motto, *Personam feret non inconcinnus.* Between these two is a mosaic imitating a public advertisement of amateur theatricals. Opposite to the emblem of respect to women, I saw a woman lecturing an audience of men, and beneath her were carved the words, *The Monster! (Tennyson's Princess.)* The only other figures which I can remember on this side were a young man drawing caricatures of his neighbours, and a cage full of rats surrounded by innumerable

bull-terriers. I fancied I could faintly trace on the wall between two groups, a bas-relief of a boat-race, in which "Cam." was inscribed on the winning boat, but this, I suppose, was a mistake.

The North and South sides of the quadrangle will be very interesting, but I have no space to describe them; my readers will see them for themselves when they are put up. At present I must make room for a correspondent.

To the "Oxford Spectator."

SIR,

I have been restrained by a regard for the persons concerned from divulging a secret which has burdened my mind for some terms. On visiting the Botanical Gardens the other day I found that my friends the monkeys were there no more. Whether they are dead, or removed to a warmer climate, or as I am inclined to suspect, have developed into men and joined the University as students unattached, I know not; but as they are safe from any undergraduate vengeance, I shall not hesitate to describe the curious conversation which I heard between them on my first visit to the Gardens. They appeared, when I approached the cage, to be entering on a formal debate. The taller and greyer one, whose name, as I afterwards found, was Pithecander, announced the subject for debate. "The motion," he said, "which I have to lay before the cage is as follows: That it is easier for a monkey to become a man, than for a man to become a monkey." This position he supported by the usual arguments about the size of the brain, the force of association, and the traces of past monkeyhood in several leading Oxonians, whom he was rude enough to name. He proved, I thought, quite conclusively that a monkey may easily become a man, but to the other part of the question he addressed him-

self scarcely enough. His opponent, Andropithecus, was not slow to note this omission. "Every member," he said, "of this honourable cage, will agree with the honourable president, in the glowing picture which he has drawn of the future of our race, but I maintain that he has departed from the question. He has neglected to produce one argument to show that the process of development may not as easily, aye, and far more easily, be reversed. Certain as it is that all monkeys, who do not fail of the true end of life, will eventually become men,—still, sir, it is, I say, yet more certain that men may, yes, and do, become monkeys. I will tell the cage an anecdote. Three years ago a young man came to see me. His cheek was smooth and ruddy, his manners unaffected, and his language agreeable. His dress was human and simple. A year rolled away and he came again, this time with two others. His cheek was hairy, his complexion nearly as brown as mine, and the tight-fitting suit he wore matched his complexion, though there was perhaps a shade more green in his coat. His language was coarse, and he imitated his two companions in every particular. A remarkable air of self-complacency showed approximation to our kind. Again a year rolled by, and my friend appeared again. The resemblance was nearly complete. He was as nearly as possible like one of our race in process of development into a groom. The arrogance, the paltry vanity, the slang, the coarseness of the worst of men, were mingled with the best qualities of our race." At this moment I was unfortunate enough to stir the bushes amongst which I was hid, whereon the president cried: "Hush, we are overheard." "Never mind," said the speaker, looking round, "it is only my cousin."

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

Homo sum, nihil simininum a me alienum puto.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XX. TUESDAY, MAY 19. 1868.

Oxford is a stage,
And all the men in residence are players:
They have their exeats and examinations;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
His acts being seven ages. At first the Freshman,
Stumbling and stuttering in his tutor's rooms.
And then the aspiring Classman, with his white tie
And shy desponding face, creeping along
Unwilling to the Schools. Then, at the Union,
Spouting like fury, with some woeful twaddle
Upon the "Crisis." Then a Billiard-player,
Full of strange oaths, a keen and cunning card,
Clever in cannons, sudden and quick in hazards,
Seeking a billiard reputation
Even in the pocket's mouth. And then the Fellow,
His fair round forehead with hard furrows lined,
With weakened eyes and beard of doubtful growth,
Crammed with old lore of useless application,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and study-worn Professor,
With spectacles on nose and class at side;
His youthful nose has grown a world too large
For his shrunk face; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is utter donnishness and mere nonentity,
Without respect, or tact, or taste, or anything.

The above passage, quoted from the writings of an author not even yet sufficiently appreciated in Oxford, struck me, as I read it the other day, as being based upon a very great deal of truth. When my book upon "The Natural History of Oxford Men" is completed, most of my present readers will probably have fallen into the Seventh Age of Oxford existence as described above, or they will have at least taken their degrees and gone down to grow old. In either case they will be, I fear, but ill-disposed to give me the attention which I require. I have resolved, then, to anticipate the publication of my larger work, and I shall give to my subscribers to-day some thoughts of mine, hastily suggested and hurriedly jotted down, concerning life in Oxford in all stages of development and degeneracy. I shall be guided in my examination of details by an idea of long-standing in my mind,—viz., that a man who comes up to Oxford and disappears after some years in due or undue form, is very much like a man who comes into the larger world, and, after certain or uncertain vicissitudes, disappears also.

I may casually remark here that I do not think that the author, whose lines I have prefixed to my paper, means us to believe that one and the same man passes through all the ages which he mentions. Indeed, from personal experience we can all see that such a succession of stages would be impossible for any one person. The billiard-player, for instance, is not likely, qua billiard-player to develop into the Fellow. His is another kind of green bays than those which Minerva gives. Again, our author would not surely accuse any one of our existing Professors of having ever talked "woeful twaddle" at the Union.

Starting, now, upon the assumption that the Freshman is more or less like a baby, we observe that it is not long before

he begins to take notice, and to imitate the actions of those whom he sees. Soon he arrives at the age when toys are attractive: horses and dogs and pictures must all be procured to afford him pleasure. In all this he is not, as yet, ashamed of his bottle. Now he grows fond of pretty clothes, and is especially proud of the ribbons he wears. His lessons annoy him excessively, and the Examinations which his Mother makes him undergo are the great troubles of his life; he esteems it also an indignity that he is obliged, occasionally, to wear his Mother's cap and gown. Not unfrequently he goes where he has been told not to go, and then he must be punished by being locked up, or having deductions made from his pocket-money. In this age he is very much given to games, and he passes many hours in playing with other naughty boys, who teach him wicked words, and encourage him to do what he ought not. The motto for a man at this period will probably be, "Non sine dice animosus infans."

We now find our Freshman-friend emerging from babydom into what we may call his boy-stage. He has as yet not lost all taste for the pleasures he is soon to leave; he is not as yet sufficiently a man to have put away childish things. This is the chrysalis period, and is very uninteresting. It is worth while, however, to remark that the transition is not from the plain plodding worm into the gaudy idle butterfly, but from the flaunting butterfly-existence of the First Term to the more solid being of a later development. A man about this time begins to choose his line in life. He has a choice of Literature, Fashion, Ambition, and a dozen other courses from which he may start. Whatever he may adopt as his speciality, he begins to think that he must adopt it at once. His past career, as he looks back upon it, seems to have been an eternity; when years have passed, the retrospect will be very much foreshortened; and when his time is up and he must yield

his place to others, he will find the "fuga temporum" to have been all too speedy. But now we have only arrived at the time when he is to be thrown rather more upon himself. He sets up on his own account, and begins, perhaps, in lodgings. Here,—to allude to a jest which I propounded in a previous paper,—he finds himself involved in all the lonely ills of bachelor-hood, before he is a bachelor; to remedy which state of things, he selects a help-mate whom he calls a chum. These two, then, agree to live together in what is surely very much like a husband-and-wife relation. They breakfast, lunch, walk, read, and talk together; they have petty squabbles and paltry jealousies; and, to make the analogy complete, they are sure to grow tired of one another.

Novels always end with the marriage of the hero and the heroine: at least, all novels ought to end so. I shall, therefore, not follow the person whom I have selected for my example through the serious struggle of his life. I need not track him through his paths of success or failure, or ticket his life as a first-class, or a second-class, existence. Whether he prefers the "single blessedness" of a life within four grey walls, or the comparatively connubial bliss of the outer world, he will be almost sure to regret his choice: or, if he aims at gaining the sweets of both lives, he may find that he has lost the pleasures of the one without escaping the pains of the other. And all must end.

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXI. TUESDAY, MAY 26. 1868.

I have translated the following passage, with some difficulty, from a history dated A.D. 4000.

Thus far the manners of this celebrated University are fairly ascertained. But of that which gives it its greatest interest, as a rendezvous for the young and beautiful of all the land, the great festival of Commemoration—of this we know but little. After the reform of Coleridge the festival declined rapidly, and seems soon to have ceased. But a few years before the success of that statesman in entirely altering the character of the University, Commemoration appears to have reached the acme of its greatness. The particulars, however, of this remarkable gathering, this Olympia of England, unfortunately still lie in great obscurity; though some inscriptions and papers discovered by the late Mr. Ritterandprellerorellibergk throw some light on the subject. The opinion which I put forward some years ago, founded on mentions of Show Sunday, that the proceedings began with a sermon, has been remarkably confirmed by Mr. R's ingenious and certain conjecture with respect to a placard in his possession. It contains the letters * * IDDON * * * COMMEMORATION, and Mr. R. has filled up the lacunæ by reading: Liddon will preach at the approaching Commemoration.* We read that on the Monday evening there

* Those who were in Oxford at the time may remember that the walls were covered with placards concisely announcing the visit of the charming Mrs. Scott Siddons.

was a procession of Boats. Such at least is the expression of the Oxford correspondent of the *Times*, in a number also in Mr. R's possession. I am of opinion, however, that the correspondent is wrong, and with his usual credulity has accepted literally what must have been only a rhetorical expression for a Boat-race. These, we know, did take place at Oxford, and there is good reason to conjecture that this may have been the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, alluded to by Bailey.* On this and the following evenings there were Balls, held according to some writers in the Clarendon Press (which seems improbable) according to others, in the Corn Exchange. The *Times* correspondent, above mentioned, speaks of one as held in the Hall of Christ Church; but as we know that the Halls were used only for dining, this is obviously false, and only confirms my opinion as to the generally untrustworthy character of this writer's statements.

The most important feature in the feast was the performance in the Theatre, but on this subject we have only the most contradictory statements. The Theatre seems to have changed its name with each reigning monarch, for we find it called in 1867, in an anonymous letter, the Victoria Theatre. The writer of this letter speaks of "burlesques" acted there by members of the University, and we have the remains of a contract signed in 1868 for the use of the Theatre by members of St. John's College, the President of which College is said to have been Curator of the Theatre in that year. Meanwhile the poets and Essayists of the day recited their compositions there, and no doubt the founders and benefactors were in some way commemorated, though no mention is made of this part of the performance in any of the extant authorities. But the

* It is also alluded to by a writer in "The Life of Bell," a work which, I still contend, is a newspaper and not a biography.

greatest difficulty still remains. The letter above quoted speaks of the Theatre as near the Union, whereas all other writers place it near the Schools. Mr. R. evades the difficulty by supposing that there were two Theatres, a violent hypothesis which appears to me quite unnecessary. We have only to suppose that the Theatre was situated half-way between the Schools and the Union, in which case there is no difficulty in understanding how it shculd have been said, by different writers, to be near to each.

On the last day of the Commemoration festival it appears that there was a procession to Nuneham, a pleasant spot some miles down the river: "the whole University* goes to Nuneham," says the writer of a private letter. The *Times* correspondent may have confused this with the Boat-race, which, as I have shown, took place on the Monday. In this Procession were no doubt used the Barges of which we hear so much some of which are said to have been eighty feet in length, and fitted up with great magnificence. It must have been indeed an imposing sight. In front, we may suppose, went the great University Barge, carrying the Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors, the Proctors, and possibly the Worshipful the Mayor, though on this point we cannot speak with certainty. Then followed the Barges of the several Colleges, with their respective societies, while the gay dresses of countless ladies added splendour to the scene.

Of the moral, social, and political uses of Commemoration I have spoken elsewhere. It was, in short, unrivalled by any gathering in ancient Europe. To quote the words of the English historian, "There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, and enlightened empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science

* The MS. has varsity, a "vox nihili." I have written University "ex mea conjectura."

and every art." One great and paramount excellence it had, more than croquet, more than picnics, more even than balls, since it combined them all; it brought the sexes together in a harmless sort of way.

Such is history. Are we misrepresenting Greece and Rome as this historian will misrepresent us?

My duties as an Editor are becoming laborious. It is very difficult to choose between the merits or importance of the various contributions which I receive. One gentleman, for instance, offers to begin a serial tale in my next number. Why, a three-volume novel in my sheets would last so many years that only the Heads of Houses would be able to read it at all. A man who came up while I was in the first volume would take his degree and go down before the villain had been introduced; and even those who obtained fellowships would retire to livings long before the explanation.

The questions of "R. S. V. P." are Really So Very Puzzling that I must reserve my answers for the present.

"A. Union" ought to have known that Du Maurier did not execute the Roman monuments in the Schools, though they may have D.M. upon them.

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXII. TUESDAY, JUNE 2. 1868.

A clever young friend of mine, who has lately passed his Moderations with tolerable credit, comes to me with rather a difficult question and insists on my answering it for him. He says he has made up his mind, Minerva so willing, to be a Don, and he asks me what sort of a Don he had better take for a model of life, and who it is that he ought to imitate. I can only, of course, answer by sketching in a hasty way the principal types of Don and letting him take his choice thereof.

First, I tell him, comes the Don *par excellence,* the Don whose title ought always to be written in small capitals, the Don so conscious of himself and his donship that he never mentions his own name without a thrill of reverent self-complacency, never signs it without lovingly lingering over the sacred words "Fellow and Tutor" till the ink has dried into the paper. To him the Undergraduate is a stranger, an intruder, almost an animal of a physically different class; a being to be treated with a distant severity generally, with a splendid condescension sometimes, with a friendly interest never. Who so firm in petty details of discipline as he? Who so magnificently merciful when he chooses to forgive? From his trim hearth-rug—(for his room, like himself, is a model of order; the gilt-backed books arranged according to their size, the panelled wall, the chairs as angular and comfortless as their owner,)—he dispenses justice and mercy, like an Eastern king. And amidst it all, his pupils avoid him, his equals shrug their

shoulders when he appears, and his junior fellows, "wonder when that old fool will take a living and go down."

Then there is the fast Don, whose one merit is his good-nature, which however wanes quickly as his digestion becomes more and more restive. He may be about forty years of age, fond of a day in the saddle, fond of a day among the Bagley pheasants; fond too of mourning the degeneracy of the times and the lack of good company. He also has his shelves filled with handsome books, to keep up appearances; but between the bookcases there gleams a hunting-scene or two, and a portrait of Orlando or the Flying Dutchman. Altogether he is an excellent person, conspicuously so after dinner; a person in every way worthy to enjoy the revenues of a place of Religious and Useful Learning.

Next I commend my young enquirer to quite an opposite variety—to the æsthetic Don. How shall I find words to describe him and his abode? Like my friend D. F. Niente, whom I was at some pains to praise in a former paper, he aims at making his rooms a bower of bliss, drawing-room, boudoir, picture-gallery all in one. Being a Don, he may be supposed to be learned; and he ransacks the stores of his erudition to enrich his floor and roof and walls. A ceiling tricked with dainty colours; a carpet that to sight and touch is like a bed of moss; a table all aglow with flowers, enchant you as you enter. The revenues of Religious and Useful Learning have furnished him with Religious, Useful, and Learned pictures; Francias and Titians (artists' proofs) are on the right hand and the left; "learned Poussin" may have supplied a landscape or two; and over the mantle-piece may rest a rare Correggio, deftly engraved. Happy Don, to be able so tastefully and pleasantly to yourself to apply the Religious and Useful revenues! Happy pupils, who instead of weary lectures get breakfast-invitations, and over your cutlets a discourse on High Art!

Perhaps on the very same staircase may live (if he can be said to live) the Don that most resembles the Bookworm of our ancestors, the *Vermis librarius* of Linnæus. Buried up to his neck in folios, he writhes and struggles till he gets deeper still. Whether History be his hobby, and he care to trace back through all the generations the pedigree of Anchises' nurse; or Philosophy, and his aim be to drive the Absolute into a corner and to come to terms with the Unconditioned; he knows—or thinks at least—that the chase allows of no loitering. That is to say, instead of himself living, he gives up his years to discover how men lived three thousand years ago, or how they will live three thousand years from now.

Gentle Reader, as my young friend came to me for advice, so do I come to you. Which of all these shall I recommend him as a model?

Or rather, shall I advise him to be a Don at all?

The following letter so exactly fits in with my own views that I have the greatest pleasure in printing it:—

Dear Mr. Oxford Spectator,

I have a grievance to bring before you, and one that I think you will agree with me is getting rather serious: I mean the Caricature nuisance. As you yourself are never guilty of a caricature I am sure you will join with me in denouncing the impertinence, the atrocious taste, and what may, perhaps, seem to themselves a graver fault, the villainously bad art of the gentlemen who are now conspiring with Mr. Guggenheim to make themselves notorious, and every one else uneasy. Nothing is safe from their touch; the success or failure in the Schools of some popular athlete with whom the artist has no personal acquaintance, the purely domestic scandals

of a college to which he does not belong,—everything is looked on as fair game. I should like to know what business an Undergraduate of Paul's has with what goes on at St. Boniface? And the artistic display is so ludicrous: the faces are not drawn from life but from photographs, the figures and the grouping are taken from some already existing picture. If these wretched imitators could design a picture like "Jupiter casting Vulcan out of Heaven" one might perhaps excuse their freedom: as it is, their failure in art aggravates their failure in courtesy.

Your obedient servant,

INDIGNANS.

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 9. 1868.

The following has been sent to me by an acquaintance at Padua. He dates his manuscript A.U.C. 1500:—

M. Fuscus deinde et T. Manlius procuratores facti. Fuit annus domi forisque infestus. Nam anni principio Furius quidam rogationem promulgavit, ut Vice-Cancellario potestas esset seu de nondum-graduatis seu de patriciis vellet procuratores faciendi. Ægre id tulere patres. Læti ergo audiere Jericonenses ob communitam Vigorniam fremere et in viam Latam populantes incursionem fecisse. Effuse vastantibus fit obvius cum exercitu Manlius, levique certamine docet vanam sine viribus iram esse; exercitum fundit fugatque, fusum persequitur: duce hostium in ergastulum misso urbem primo impetu capit. Inde exercitu victore reducto non ullam aliam priorem curam agit, quam ut primo quoque tempore cum patriciis coalescant animi nondum-graduatorum. Jam priore procuratum Fuscus dandi agri nondum-graduatis fuerat auctor, et manebat in sententiâ suâ. Agrum nunc ad ludos flagitabant omnes: itaque agri capti ab Jericonensibus aliquantum adsignabatur: jussi nomina dare qui accipere vellent. Eo anno quibusdam cupido incessit migrandi Abingdoniam, procuratoribus rem intentius agentibus ne quis nisi togatus in plateis conspiceretur. Fertur Manlius nocte quâdam in juventutem trans pontem Stultitium grassantem incidisse: in Artificem quendam, negantem se procuratori nomen dare, lictorem accedere jussit. Artifici proctor diem dixit. Tum demum reus cum multâ indig-

nitate vestem mutare, prensare tutores. Sed nihilominus ex urbe nocte proximâ in exsilium coactus abiit. Nova nunc exoritur seditio maxime propter nexos ob æs alienum. Fremebant nondum-graduati se iniquo suo tempore æs alienum fecisse: id cumulatum usuris in dies infestius fieri. Postulabant ut stipendium ex ærario sibi erogaretur. Id patricii strenue negabant. Interim quæstores edicunt ut omnes nondum-graduati in diem certum nomina dent ad examen subeundum. Tum omnes exsultare gaudio; alius alium confirmare ne nomina darent, sine classe potius quam sine pecunia victuros. Deinde cum neque procuratores stipendium expenderent, nec quæstores de examinatione mitius agerent, omnes nondum-graduati agmine quadrato in collem Headingtoniensem secesserunt. Trans Carvallum amnem est, duo ab urbe millia passuum. Pavor ingens in urbe, metuque patriciorum suspensa erant omnia. Timere patres, incerti manere an abire mallent: nullam profecto nisi in concordia nondum-graduatorum spem reliquam ducere: eos per æqua per iniqua reconciliandos procuratoribus esse. Itaque fœdus inter patricios nondumque graduatos renovatum est. Haud ita multo post quam secessio facta fuerat, Furii nondum-graduati sententia vicit ut jus commercii inter patres nondumque graduatos sanciretur. Hoc anno prodigia multa nuntiavere. Stellæ vagantes in urbe visæ. Quidnam eo dî portenderent prodigio, missi sciscitatum oratores ad Vice-Cancellarium. Ille auctoritate suâ et totius universitatis stellas vagantes exauguravit.

N.

Excursus on the foregoing Passage.

The memory of much in the story of Oxford, even during the most obscure ages, has been preserved to us, although in part of it poetry has flung her many-coloured veil over historical truth. It is indeed true, that the combination of vain

fictions and popular legends with the outlines of dry chronicles and the scanty records of authentic documents, though generally the distinction may be easily discerned, presents still sometimes a congruity so deceitful as almost to render hopeless the task of the historian. Yet in dealing with our present author it is not a matter of extreme difficulty to separate the false from the true. He was evidently moved to write by the highly brilliant talent with which nature had gifted him for seizing the characteristic features of humanity, and for narration. He brought down the marvels of the heroic ages into the sphere of history. His views and judgment of the early constitution were biassed by the prejudices of his youth, which led him to side with the *nondum-graduati*, of whom he had evidently been one, against the arbitrary power of the *Procuratores*, of which we may imagine him to have had repeated and unfavourable experience. This party-spirit infects his narrative. Bearing this in mind, we may safely construct an authentic piece of history from the fragment before us. Certain statements we may dismiss at once, as contrary to rational probability and the evidence of other writers. We cannot, for instance, believe that proposals were made with any hope of success that the debts of the *nondum-graduati* should be defrayed from the University Chest; or that the Collis Headingtoniensis was chosen as a place to secede to. How much more intrinsically probable it is that Cowley, or even Iffley, should have been selected! There to this day, as we know beyond all question, the *nondum-graduati* constantly flock in great numbers, while Headington Hill is scarcely visited except by that small section of men that bear the name of Constitutionalists. On the other hand, the fact of a colony being about to be sent to Abingdon is in every way extremely likely. The account that our author gives of it is also in itself very consistent, and the incidents he records agree with what we should

have expected. What is more probable than that the *Procuratores* should make a descent upon Folly Bridge? or that when there they should arrest one Artifex, or, as we should call him, Smith? Or that Smith should be forced, the very next night, into an unwilling *exsilium?* Nor can any one who remembers the fifth of November doubt that the hostility of the Jericonenses towards the upper city, and towards its outpost that overlooks their own territory, is of very long standing. The account, too, of the prodigy by which the year was marked, is circumstantial and evidently correct. Wandering, or shooting, stars have ever been periodical in this country, and their appearance has invariably been looked upon as a portent too grave to be lightly passed by. Great difference of feeling, however, prevailed on the subject; for while the *nondum-graduati* watched the celestial vision with feelings of pleasure, the patrician Dons thought that each new display increased the danger. From our author's last words we may imagine that these latter, by the aid of their Chief Pontiff the Vice-Cancellarius, succeeded in the end in making the *stellæ vagantes* invisible in Oxford.*

W.

* It may be remembered by some readers that an Amateur Theatrical Company, called "The Shooting Stars," gave some performances in Oxford, until they were stopped by authority.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXIV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20. 1868.

It has long been my wish that I were able to write something about Art, and the usefulness of the practice of it, and especially of drawing and painting, to us undergraduates in Oxford. It would have been a great pleasure to me to show, at some length, how any manual art refines not the hand only but the mind also; and how this art in particular opens and invigorates the sense by which beauty of form and colour is perceived. I should have liked to point out how such practice would act upon our work for the Schools, not only as the best of sedentary recreations but as a direct help to the mind; how its hatred of vagueness, and the habit of giving concrete and definite expression to thought, would improve our speech and writing; and finally, taking a more obvious case, how impossible it is for the student of science to make much progress without a knowledge of drawing. But I could not have stopped here; I should have been led on into regions far beyond my powers, to talk of the love of beauty in nature and in human action, till I fancied art was coextensive with science and religion. To avoid so ridiculous a rhapsody I have felt obliged to abstain from this fascinating subject altogether; and should not now have touched upon it, but that I have been led, in thinking over the past Vacation, to view it in some such connection.

It seems to me that the Vacation is to the Term what the practice of Art should be, in my opinion, to our daily work. It seems to be the opportunity for learning something of beauty,

without the fetters in which, in our hard work at history or philosophy, we find or fancy her to be bound. Of this learning all of us must have had, during the past months, some opportunity. Some have sought the very shrine of natural beauty among the mountains; have stood beneath the terrible Matterhorn, to whose stern shoulders, high in heaven, the light clouds cling, as a maiden to her warrior; or have watched the Jungfrau exchanging her mantle of rosy light for the pale winding sheet in which the sunset leaves her. They will never forget how, among such objects, the clear air, the exercise and the excitement, developed every sense to its keenest energy, till they experienced that overpowering consciousness of external beauty, that mysterious thrill, in which bodily sense seems to melt into spiritual perception. Others have preferred the product of art to its materials, and in the galleries of Dresden or of Florence, or among churches and cathedrals, palaces and towers, have wondered, with an awe as deep and more intelligent, at the beauty which nature has taught men to create. And those of us who have stayed at home have been no further from the glorious teaching. When we least thought of it, we have been learning the noble lesson; one compared to which, scholarship or science, if they could be separated from it, would be poor indeed. The sportsman who walked through the turnip-fields, thinking of nothing but his dog and gun, has been drinking in the love of beauty at every pore of his invigorated frame, as from each new tint of autumn, every misty September morning, from each variety of fleeting cloud, each flash of light from distant spire or stream, the unnoticed influence stole over him, like a breeze bringing health from pleasant places, and made him capable of clearer thoughts and happier emotions. But I am running on to that dangerous ground, of which I warned myself at the beginning. Yet before I stop I must mention, lest I should seem to have ignored it, the still wider and fairer field

of human action and passion ; where the love of beauty finds its highest consummation in the love of woman. On the outside of the temple of this love, the hand of God has lavished all grace of form and colour,—a grace of which all other earthly grace is but a type,—yet even this is, to the initiate, only the dim sign of the beauty of thought and feeling which he finds within. Some of us may have been learning even there.

To repeat what I desire to insist upon, we want something to relieve our work here, as the Vacation, on a larger scale, relieves the hardness of Term. This Art will do, practised manually if possible, and if not, remembered and felt in the fields or on the river.

C.

To the "Oxford Spectator."

Sir,

I venture to offer you this specimen of an attempt at adapting to English use the Greek Sapphic metre; the only Sapphic, in my opinion, worth adapting. I have generally used a trochee in the second foot, and sometimes, by a bolder innovation, in the third, because I think the movement of our language so slow, that unless thus lightened, my line would be virtually longer than that of Sappho. If, after all, any of your readers prefer the old Anglo-Latin metre, I can give them a version of Hor. Od. II. 4, beginning: "Don't be ashamed of marrying the housemaid."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

C.

Hor. Od. III. 18.

Faunus, O thou wooer of Nymphs so bashful,
Walk with kindly step along my sunny
Pasturelands, and smile on the little nurslings
When thou departest.

Surely, when the full of the year returneth,
Dies a tender kid, and the bowl, that Venus
Loves, is crown'd with wine, and the good old altar
Reeks with the incense.

Then the whole flock sports in the grassy meadow,
When the day comes round, and in ev'ry field the
Country-folk keep holiday with the oxen,
Idle together.

'Mong the lambs unfear'd the wolf is roaming;
Woods for thee their simple leaves are strewing;
While the ditcher, dancing in rustic measure,
Stamps on his tyrant.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27. 1868.

I went up yesterday to the Running Ground with Gray of Keble, to sacrifice to the goddess*, and also to see how the Athletic Sports, held this term, would go off. I was delighted with the running of our own men; though the Strangers' Race amused me just as much. We had taken our walk, and satisfied our curiosity, and were returning to Oxford, when the Proctor caught sight of us at a distance, as we were on our way towards College, and told his servant to run and bid us wait for him. The bull-dog came behind me, took hold of my coat, and said: "The Proctor wants to speak to you, Sir." I turned pale, and asked him where his master was. "There he is," he replied, "coming down Long Wall Street. You must wait for him." "Yes, we shall have to wait," said Gray. Soon afterwards the Proctor came up, with a few other persons. He instantly began: "If I am not mistaken, you are a Member of the University."

"You are not wrong in your conjecture," I replied.

"Well, do you see what a large body we are?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then either prove yourselves in the right, or else come to my rooms to-morrow morning.

"No," I replied; "there is still an alternative: suppose I persuade you that you ought to let me off."

* Hygieia, generally identified with Appetite.

"Could you persuade me if I refused to listen?"

"Certainly not," replied Gray.

"Make up your mind, then, that I shall refuse to listen."

* * * * * *

I went therefore next morning to the Proctor's rooms. I thought him not altered in the least; for I had been to him only a short time before. He was sitting at the table, with a cap on his head, as he happened to have been crossing the Quad. The moment he saw me, he said: "You are pretty frequent in your visits, Mr. Spectator; you ought not to be here so often."

"To tell you the truth, Sir," I replied, "I like to talk to a Proctor. Because as I can never be sure that I may not be called upon one day to be Proctor myself, I think I ought to try and learn what the duties of the position are,—whether they are tiresome and difficult, or pleasant and easy."

"I will certainly tell you, Mr. Spectator, what my own experience is. Many Proctors regret the pleasures of the Common Room, and call up the memories of after-dinner port and dessert and similar festivities. They are very much annoyed at the loss of what they consider necessary comforts, and describe themselves as dining well in former days, whereas now, by their own account, they have scarcely time to dine at all. Some also complain of the way in which Undergraduates chaff them, and make this a ground for reproaching the Proctorship with the many troubles it gives them. Now, in my opinion, Mr. Spectator, these persons are quite wrong. If the being Proctor were the cause, the same discomforts would have been also felt by me, as a Proctor, and by every other person who has held that office. But it is not so. If a man has a well-modulated voice and a good temper, it is by no means unpleasant to be a Proctor: if he has not, why in that case, Mr. Spectator, he would have been wiser never to have matriculated at all."

I enjoyed this conversation with the Proctor, and wishing him to go on talking, I said: "I expect, Sir, that Undergraduates, as a rule, imagine that the position of a Proctor is a happy one, not because of the duties which he performs, but because of the fines which he is able to exact,"

"True," he said, "they think so: and they are partly right, though not so right as they suppose. There is great truth in the reply of the Proctor to the Undergraduate who tauntingly told him, that he capped him not because he was a gentleman but because he was a Proctor:—'*I* should not have been capped if I had been an Undergraduate, neither would you, if you had been a Proctor.'"

"But how far, Mr. Proctor, do you think it right to fine Undergraduates?"

"Why, Mr. Spectator, in the matter of exacting fines, I stand midway between the Proctor of two years ago and my immediate predecessor. The former took as much money in fines as I do myself, and many times more; while the latter was far more lenient than is the fashion at present. For my part, I shall be content to leave the University chest to my successors not less, but if anything larger, than it was when it came into my hands."

"Let me ask you one more question," said I. "What do you think is the greatest advantage that you have derived from being a popular Proctor?"

"If I tell you," he replied, "I shall perhaps get few persons to sympathise in my confession. Be assured, Mr. Spectator, that when a Proctor's year of office has nearly expired, he feels alarmed and concerned about things which never affected him before. Till then he has laughed at those stories about the outgoing Proctors, which tell us that he who has been unpopular must suffer for it in the Sheldonian Theatre on Commemoration Day; but now he begins to think that these stories

may possibly be true. Hereupon, if he finds that he hss behaved badly, he is apt to cling to his cap and gown in terror, as children do to those of their nurses, and he lives haunted by gloomy anticipations. But if he finds that he has behaved all along with justice, he is happy. So, Mr. Spectator, I am disposed to consider this the greatest service which my popularity as a proctor has rendered me.

"But what are we to understand by this justice to which you allude? If an Undergraduate, under compulsion, places his half-sovereign iu the hands of a Proctor, and afterwards in a fit of intoxication demands it back, surely such a deposit ought not to be restored?

"You are right," he replied.

"Then it is no definition of a just Proctor to say that he is one who restores what he has received?"

"I am sorry that I cannot continue this discussion," he said, "It is time for me to go to my lecture."

"But you will resume it at some future time, will you not?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, with a smile; and at once went off to his lecture.

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXVI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3. 1868.

Surely there is no one throughout the range of English literature to whom one turns with more genuine affection than the author of the *Essays of Elia*. Swift is a thousand times more trenchant, and I at least am not likely to say anything in disparagement of Addison. But Swift is hard, and Addison has a cold gleam like that of the December sunlight; one fears the one, one admires, enjoys, sympathises with the other—but with neither does one feel perfectly at home, for neither does one feel, from the moment of first acquaintance, a friendship that "masters Time." It is Lamb alone that possesses in a supreme degree the two elements of the perfect Essayist—mellowness and refinement. Perhaps it is a part of his perfection, too, that what he writes has all the grace of Conversation. It is like a Frenchman's talk; each remark suggests your proper comment. Therefore it is that you are never wearied; you rise from each Essay full of its subject, for every word in it has been a suggestion. Elia is never painfully exhaustive.

Shall I then, if I write a paper about Whist, be accused of plagiarism from "*old Sarah Battle, now with God?*" Ombre died with Pope; the *Rape of the Lock* reads like splendid elegy of the game it commemorates. It is like the glittering crystal case that enshrines some sacred relic; the relic is beautiful and sacred, but its life is a thing of long ago. Alas, poor Belinda! Her "diamond cross" perhaps sparkles on some breast as beautiful as hers, the breast of a granddaughter of the fifth

generation: the china teacup from which her fair lips drank adorns, it may be, the cabinet of some musty connoisseur; but Belinda is dust, and the game that she loved is passed away. But Mrs. Battle is more fortunate, or less; *her* game has not "borne her company," like the Indian's faithful dog; we still in this generation realise her wish—"a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

We are in the habit, here in Oxford, of looking for political, moral, æsthetic elements in everything; no doubt it is one of the best results of our education that we should do so. Can we find a more fruitful field of illustration than the whist-table? Elia is emphatic enough on the æsthetic side; indeed all of us must take his part when he rebukes the too logical old lady who wished for a still greater simplicity in the cards. He said, with Bacon, that the human intellect is not a dry light, that the senses must be flattered and pleased, that the beauty of cards is half their glory, and is bound up with the blacks and scarlets, with the "pretty antic habits" of the court-cards, with the "verdant carpet" in which they fight their middle-age battles. Then certainly political lessons are not wanting. We are all full of politics just now, and are specially keen to find materials for our ideas and facts to fit our theories. I own I have often wondered (I hope the curiosity is innocent) whether Miss Becker ever plays whist? If she does, how it must anger her to see the hopelessly subordinate position of the Queen—a simple consort, perpetually snubbed by her Royal husband, a fit emblem, in a word, of a down-trodden sex! Then what a consolation it must be to such of us as are of a republican turn to see that the king is not an utterly unbridled despot. A mere ace, single-handed, with no court prestige, overturns his vaunted supremacy in a moment, or a puny trump, ambassador from a foreign court, checks him, commands him, even takes him prisoner.

I remember once in an old library meeting accidentally a pamphlet which protested in the gravest tone against the immorality of the game of *All-Fours*. There the Knave is triumphant; a fact that is of course the most palpable encouragement to dishonesty. Whist is far more elevated and sensible; it accepts the Knave as a fact—and as a fact of considerable potency. It recognises the part played in all societies by fraud and "financing;" but it points also to a law and government that are willing and able to put them down. Then, what a mine of moral truths underlies the great institution of Trumps! Their philosophy might be written in many volumes: a life-time would scarcely suffice to exhaust the depth of their meaning. They are a living comment on the uncertainty of life—a living disproof of finality—a living reminder that there is an authority higher than the highest. The Queen yields to the King: how triumphantly the third player puts down his Ace! The little trump that falls from the fourth hand is the killing frost that nips the root of his exultation.

I fear that after all this trifling I shall hardly be thought sincere if I state my belief that whist has a real and considerable effect on the character. The distinguished author of the *Young Duke* tell us that no man ever played cards for money except for the one purpose of winning money; but let us beg him to make an exception in favour of whist! It is not the money, but the *game:* not the winning but the idea of winning that makes the excitement. It is all a part of the illusion, and illusion is brimful of ethical effect. If there is one dogma of the great Mrs. Battle against which I should venture to protest, it is her denying to Chess any imaginative element. The plodding pawn, the common soldier that does the rough work of the battle; the active knight, ever ready to take his enemy in flank; the wily sidelong bishop; the castle coming down with a rush like that of the elephants of Pyrrhus: the Amazonian

Queen; the slowly-moving, sacred, inviolable King;—surely all these add to the "hard head-contest" the charm that makes it a game, and not simply a battle of two brains. Yet chess is something too much of a battle, there is not chance enough in it to make it quite perfect as a game; above all, it is a *duel*. Whist is saved from that by the glorious institution of partners. There is no selfishness in whist; you are nothing without your partner. If I may take my farewell of Elia in a final quotation, "You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories." And, the intellectual greatness, the prodigious memory, of the true whist-player! A. and B. had played together nightly as undergraduates, and met for a farewell rubber before B. left for his post as attaché. He was away three years; he saw cities and men, he played a minor part in the making of two treaties. A. stayed behind and got his fellowship; and his first greeting to his friend on his return to Oxford was—"My dear B.! so glad to see you! But what a pity it was you played that Ace!"

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10. 1868.

Now then, let us construct our imauginary university from the beginning. It will owe its construction, it appears, to our intellectual wants.

Unquestionably.

Well, but the first and most pressing of all those wants is that of knowledge to enable us to exist as reasonable creatures.

Most decidedly.

Our second want would be that of rooms, and our third that of academical costume and the like.

True.

Then let us know what will render our University adequate to the supply of all these things. Must we not begin with an examiner for one, and a tailor, and besides these a tutor? Will these suffice, or shall we add to them a lecturer, and perhaps one or two more of the class of people who minister to our intellectual wants?

By all means.

Then the smallest possible university will consist of four or five men.

So we see.

To proceed then: ought each of these to place his own work at the disposal of the community, so that the single examiner, for instance, shall set papers for four, spending four times the amount of time and labour upon the preparation of the questions, and sharing them with others; or must he be re-

gardless of those others, and ask for his own instruction alone the fourth part of this number of questions in a fourth part of the time, spending the other three parts, one in furnishing his rooms, another in measuring himself for clothes, and the third in confining himself to college, saving himself the trouble of sharing with others, and doing his own business by himself, and for himself?

Well, perhaps the former plan is the easier of the two.

The examiner, then, it appears, will not plough himself, nor will he manufacture testamurs nor any of the other tools employed in examination.

True.

Besides we shall have professors and private tutors, and other married fellows, who will become members of our little university, and create a population.

Certainly.

Still it will not yet be very large, supposing we admit dandies and loafers, and the rest of that class, in order that the examiners may have men to plough, and the tutors, as well as the examiners, butts and persons to 'draw', and that there may be customers for the tailors.

It will not be a small university, either, if it contains all these.

Moreover, it is scarcely possible for our university to be so constituted as to hold no communication with other universities.

No, it is impossible.

Then it will further require a new class of persons to represent it against other universities.

It will.

Then our university requires large numbers of cricketers and other athletes.

Yes, it does.

And if the rivalry is to be carried on upon the water, there

will be a further demand for a considerable number of other persons, who are skilled in the art of rowing.

A considerable number, undoubtedly.

But now tell me: in the Colleges themselves, how are they to negotiate their several exchanges? For it was to promote these exchanges, you know, that we formed the community, and so founded our university.

Manifestly, by paying fees and endowing fellowships.

Then this will give rise to lecture-rooms and terminal payments, to facilitate the exchange.

Undoubtedly.

Suppose, then that the tutor, or one of the lecturers, should come with some of his books into the lecture-room, at a time when none of those who wish to attend his lecture are there, is he to leave his other occupations and sit idle in the lecture-room?

By no means: there are persons, who, with an eye to this contingency, undertake the service required; and these in well-regulated colleges, are, generally speaking, persons of excessive physical weakness, who are of no use in other kinds of employment. Their business is to remain on the spot in the lecture-room, and give instruction for money to those who choose to come, and give impositions to those who don't choose to come.

Exactly so: and in addition to these, I imagine, there is also another class of operatives, consisting of those whose mental qualifications do not recommend them as associates, but whose bodily strength is equal to hard labour: these, receiving fees for their service, but scouting the idea of giving any service in return for their fees, are thence named, I believe, scouts. Is it not so?

Precisely.

Shall we say then that our university has at length grown to its full stature?

Perhaps so.

Let us consider now what kind of life will be led by persons thus situated. I presume they will patronise the Corn, and wines, and coats, and boots; and on week-days, no doubt, they will generally row without their coats and waistcoats, while on Sundays they will be suitably clothed and gloved. And they will use, I suppose, both eight-oars and punts, rowing races in the former and lounging lazily in the latter. And fastening most elegant ribbons upon hats of straw, and themselves reclining on soft beds in the stern, they will make merry, themselves and the person with the punt-pole, drinking their cider-cup, wearing flannels, singing the popular songs, enjoying one another's society, and not getting into debt beyond their means, through a prudent fear of proctors or duns.

Apparently you describe your men as living without any feasting.

True, I said, I had forgotten :—Of course they will dine—in hall, no doubt, and in their college rooms, together with occasional visits to hotels and taverns. We shall also set before them dessert, I imagine, of figs, and grapes, and apples, and they may sit chatting round the fire, taking wine with their fruit in moderation. And thus keeping their terms in tranquility and sound health, they will, in all probability, go down at the end of four years, and leaving, bequeath to their successors a life in which their own will be reproduced.

Why, if you were founding a university of Oxon, this is just the style in which you would represent it.

How, then, said I, would you have them live?

N.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXVIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17. 1868.

I foresaw, when at the beginning of this Term I wrote my paper about Art, that the gratification of the wish so long entertained and so bravely repressed would bring its troubles along with it. I foresaw that the charming theme, once touched upon, would draw me back to it; that however far I might travel it would be only like the comet who is never so certain of returning and falling into the sun as when he is furthest from it. But just as in that case it is forces of the most varied kinds that conspire to send him back, so with me it is criticisms the most opposite from persons the most unlike that draw me back to Art. Crassus and Lepidus are indeed the most dissimilar of men: they were born under different stars, they were bred differently from their cradles; and while Crassus calls Lepidus a prig, I am sorry to say that Lepidus retaliates by calling Crassus a boor. Yet these gentlemen have considerately agreed in judging me. The truth is that Crassus, who is an excellent fellow with a loud voice, a cheerful face, and a sort of witless irrepressible buffoonery that makes him a great favourite with his set, protests that Art itself is humbug and Art-gossip still worse. He makes an exception, it is true, in favour of Leech's hunting pictures, and he thinks that Sir Edwin Landseer has some good points. But beyond this he will not go; indeed he only consents to admire those painters because they remind him in a faint sort of way of his horse and his dog.

I fear Crassus is incorrigible, and I shall not try to convert

him. But Lepidus owns to you confidentially that *his* fault, if he has one, is that he is too artistic. Dainty, delicate, delightful, superficial, he not only condemns all English artists, but protests with an airy sincerity that goes to your heart that "*we have no pictures worth seeing in England.*" Then he goes off on this text, and dazzles you with his brilliant progress through the Louvre and the Vatican, or takes you in fancy for a saunter through the galleries of Dresden or Milan. He does it so gracefully that you have not the heart to contradict him to his face, or even to remind him that in every age it has been the fancy of his clan to pass by obvious beauties as faults and to brand what is common as unclean. But now, when I am out of the range of his anger, I will be bold enough to tell him that I doubt both his facts and his conclusions. I will ask him, has he ever deigned to spend even a short hour in the National Gallery, with Francia's divine *Entombment*, with Andrea's portrait of himself, with those matchless Rembrandts? Nay, I will undertake to show him, actually here in Oxford, a collection of drawings that has hardly a rival in the whole world.

Gentle Reader, did you ever go to the Taylor Galleries? Into the precincts of the great building itself you may possibly have entered, bent on being told something about Law and History that might pay for the Schools. But did you ever cross the little garden, and passing up through the great central door find yourself suddenly in "that glorious gallery," amid the Turners, Raffaelles, and Michael Angelos? The beauty which you see in other galleries in full flower and bloom lies here in the seed; or in rare instances, perhaps, it may have reached the bud. You enter first the Turner Room, and trace, as in a map, the course of the artist's genius—his passage from simple crude sketches of buildings or streets to those wonderful gemlike landscapes where he shows you the whole force of his soul, imagination, *eye*, and craftman's skill, brought out on a paper

a few inches square. It gives a sort of sanctity to Headington Hill to know that he painted Oxford from its summit, one bright June day sixty years ago. It might satisfy even Lepidus' continental turn to spend an hour among those views of France and Italy, in the stillness of Beaugency and Angers, or under the solemn shadow of Orleans Cathedral, or in the dazzling Venetian air. Will he be content to say, after even a glance at these sketches, that England has no painter? Yet I will not press the point, he may detest landscape from his heart, and, perhaps, have some little reason for doing so. Only let him pass on to the Raffaelles—let him notice that plain unpretending study of a foot, the first that meets him. There is nothing very poetical there, nothing even artistically beautiful on the surface; but there is implied beauty, there is the truth brought home to him that work and genius go hand in hand. That is the lesson of all these studies. He who had seen the great *Transfiguration* by itself might have fancied, with a pardonable enthusiasm, that a work so great and so single must have flashed in one moment from the painter's brain, and been in some magic way caught by the canvass and printed there. Let him undeceive himself by looking through the gallery. There is the Frenchman's careful sketch of the great picture itself, to guide his recollection: and by the side of it he will see the heads of Peter and John, every line elaborated in pencil, the parts laboriously finished and set ready for their relation to the whole. So with the noble mournful face to which Sir Joshua's loving hand restored its proper beauty, that was to figure in the Cartoon of the *Massacre of the Innocents*. So, lastly, with those few precious fragments from the hand of Michael Angelo. In the coiled dragon, in the faces splendid and strong, in each figure with "the muscles all a-ripple on his back," we see the signs of the genius that made the *Satan*.

But possibly my lazy Lepidus does not like to see such

obvious signs of *work*. Then he will find in the great gallery a collection of finished pictures, not numerous indeed, but not to be despised—Lippis, Gainsboroughs, and even an Angelico. Even Crassus might smile at Gozzoli's quaint "*Hunting by Moonlight*," which shows him how Italian gentlemen used to cry "tally-ho!" Yet after all these are but settings to show off the drawings. It is right that *they* should give the note to a gallery which itself is but a symbol of Oxford. They are but the germs from which great works grew; and we are but the germs of the world that is to be. As the great works matched the germs, so may our spring match our autumn and our autumn not unbeseem our spring!

W.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24. 1868.

I have often been struck, as others no doubt have been, by the picturesqueness, so to speak, of the calendar of our forefathers, as compared with the colourless regularity of our own. In old times men noted their time more by the feasts and holidays than by the bare number of the day of the month. The good old nurse says of Juliet—

Of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-tide at night shall she be fourteen.

My friend Elia, speaking with that pleasant affectation of antiquity which is so graceful in him, says of the borrower, the true 'magnanimous man'; "He cometh to you with a smile and troubleth you with no receipt, confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael." I seem to find in this a testimony to the truth of my remark, that this way of reckoning time is picturesque, full of pleasant associations, and suggestive of pleasant thoughts. It differs from the ordinary numeral, as a city where every street is named after some famous house, or great event in history, or is mindful still of the men who haunted it, differs from the new-fangled arrangement of houses, scarcely to be called a city, in which the avenues are distinguished as one, two, and three. Just as the memories of Cavendishes and Russells, of Waterloo and Sebastopol, of Falstaff and Johnson, meets us in every turn of our walks in London, so stories of sacred history, poems, pictures, and a thousand other associa-

tions ought to gather round our "Black-letter Saints-days." A few of these saints are still talked of as patrons of a country or a guild; like St. Patrick, St. David, or St. Crispin; some in connection with a legend, like the rainy St. Swithin, though he, perhaps, is now superseded as a "forecaster" by the achievements of Admiral Fitzroy. A few more will be remembered by the lovers of Art and Poetry. No one, who has ever seen Raffaelle's pictures in the National Gallery or the Louvre, will forget St. Catherine or St. Margaret; nor will Santa Lucia be unfamiliar to the musician; and, above all, what lover of poetry but has some interest in the Eve of St. Agnes, a household name in poetry and painting too? Think of the glowing words of Keats, or of Madeline radiant in the glorious moonlight of Millais' picture.

But there is one name more familiar still, and this one it is which has led me to the subject. I noticed last Sunday that it was St. Cecilia's day. How full of noble associations is the name! First Dryden's great lyric, with its varied pictures and crowded passions, rushes upon the mind; we hear the triumphant sounds of martial music, in which the happy pair almost forget each other; we see "the magnanimous Alexander in tears," at the softer measures of love and pity; and then there passes before our eyes, with almost startling vividness, Thais with her torch, like a wild Bacchante, leading the excited conqueror to fancied vengeance. It is a change but scarcely a fall, to pass in thought to Collins' Ode on the Passions, less powerful perhaps, but more graceful; how the changing melody rings in one's ears, though he remember not the words, like a piece of veritable music! But then we remember how the sister art has lent her homage to this queen of music; we see, in Raffaelle's picture, the enraptured saint, in all the dignity of her virgin beauty, catching the notes of divine harmony straight from the angelic orchestra above, and the saints and bishops round her

thrilled with wonder at the new inspiration. And then we remember all that her great gift, the organ, has ever done to fire our hearts. We are again in New College or Magdalen, amid the stately sweetness of psalm or anthem, and hear again

The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes.

These and other recollections, if we be not made of very dull flesh, will make us glad to have been reminded of St. Cecilia's day. But to some, these of music or poetry will not be the only or the first associations. Some of my readers, and those not the least enlightened, will recognise in these black letter saints the true heroes of the world, and will dwell on their memory with an affection more religious than æsthetic, as among the first ranks in that noble army of virgins and martyrs, whose muster-roll "is yet open, and in whose ranks are places yet unfilled."

"It is easy," says Æschylus, "for a man whose foot is clear of the evil place, to give advice to one who is in the Schools." Last year, in the unreflecting gaiety of my heart I wrote about the Schools; I jested on them; assumed a mock terror; and described my fears in terms which I then thought exaggerated. But, alas! it is otherwise with me now. The spectres, of which I then spoke lightly, are now haunting me with a terrible force, and every jest I uttered gives poignancy to their taunts. In short, gentle Reader, I am in the Schools. Give me your sympathy. Only imagine a Spectator ploughed! Hannibal, I believe, would have shortened his march and Aristotle his list of virtues, if they had known they would endanger so cruel a result.

However, if my kind friends wish to see me undergo the viva voce examination, they may find me in the Pass School on some day before the end of term. My number on the list is that which if converted into a surd, and pounded for three hours in Attwood's machine, will be found to be the base of Napier's system of logarithms.

C.

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1. 1868.

Though I am naturally of a modest disposition, and in society very retiring, my fears have hitherto vanished as soon as I have taken up my pen. But now I am as timid in my paper work as I am in viva voce. It is the effect of the Schools, from the jargon of which I cannot even now get free. There, during last week, I learnt to tremble as I wrote, and to write with diffidence; and at present the same tremor still possesses me. Another thing too during the last few weeks has contributed to shake my confidence; conversation has constantly turned upon a subject of which I know nothing. Politics, the elections, and the chances of some particular candidate or of the constitution in general, have been incessantly dinned into my ears, and one day, as I took my daily walk to observe the habits of my fellow-Undergraduates, I found myself in the middle of a drunken crowd in the Corn-market, and was startled by the impatient question of an apple-woman, who asked what colour I wore, and whether I voted for Harcourt. Hardly realising at present the cause of the tumult, I took out my note-book, to record my observations, and this curious question in particular. This, with my grave demeanour, I suppose, led to the notion that I was concerned with the election, for the crowd opened at once before me, the apple-woman was thrust aside with indignant cries of "Don't you see the gentleman's a committee?" and I was borne along by the curiosity of the mob behind me, till, before I could fully com-

prehend the situation, I found myself on the steps of the Clarendon Hotel. There I was received with open arms by several gentlemen, who evidently supposed me to be an influential voter, and it was with some difficulty that I explained that I was but a simple, unenfranchised Undergraduate. I slunk away amid the hisses and hootings of the crowd, who found they had wasted their favours. Is it to be wondered at that my nerves were shaken, and that, given as I am to dreaming, I dreamt of elections?

Methought the whole of my College was gathered before the steps of the Hall, to receive the addresses of candidates, among whom the college porter, with the gate-bill in his hand, sat on the highest step, as returning officer. The first to come forward was a hard-riding man of jovial manners, who is known among us by the familiar name of "Tipples." He was received with great applause—"Gentlemen," he said, "I ain't much to look at, but I'm a good'un to go. (Cheers.) Unworthy as I am to represent a College like this, and unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, just you put me in the pig-skin, and you won't be ashamed of your mount. This College has always been famed for its riding, and a riding-man is its only true representative. Now, whatever else I may be, I am a riding-man (immense applause), and I believe, though I say it as should not, that I'm as good a man at an "in-and-out" as Mr. Disraeli himself. (Cheers.) Finally, gentlemen, I rely upon your affection for the sport of kings, I rely upon—in fact, I have no doubt I shall win in a walk." The gentleman retired to his seat amid prolonged cheering. Mr. Giglamps was then proposed by a friend, "Gentlemen, in proposing a reading-man, I propose a man —I propose—Mr. Giglamps. (The speaker was here interrupted.) A College, gentlemen, is a—is not a—in fact, gentlemen, Mr. Giglamps will speak for himself." The speaker was here pulled down by his friends, or enemies, and the candidate himself came

forward amid much good humoured laughter, and some allusions to those few less dignified acts of his life, which are generally remembered against a reading-man. His speech was exactly like those which one reads in the newspapers. When he had finished, a sound of faint applause in the French and Italian languages, introduced the third candidate, my old friend Niente, who was enthusiastically welcomed by his friends Ernest, Arthur, and Tom; for these gentlemen always address one another by the Christian name. Flirting an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, he told us in an elegant lisp, that he hoped, if we conferred on him the honour, &c., to play the *rôle* indifferently well. Far be it from him to disparage the merits of the sportsman and the student, who had preceded him, but he thought, great as were their merits in their own spheres, that was not quite the sort of man to represent a College like this. The college had always been noted for elegance and *goût*. A certain *je ne sais quoi* was *de rigueur* in its representative, and though he was conscious of his great defects, yet, as no more *distingué* candidate had appeared, he had ventured to come forward. At this point Niente was thrust forward, methought, by those behind him, and fell ignominiously among the audience, uttering at the same time a French execration under the horror of which I awoke.

I was some time ago much perplexed by an appeal on behalf of some fund, called the O. U. A. F. R. A. S. P. G. I have now discovered the meaning of these letters, and recommend the association to the notice of my readers. It is called the Oxford umbrella association, and its object is the gratuitous restoration of all stolen property. The stealing or conveyance of umbrellas, especially from the Union, has reached an unparalleled frequency; and it is expected that the coming winter will rather increase than diminish the number of complainants. Now this as-

sociation is on the principle of mutual insurance. The annual subscription is one umbrella. All umbrellas accidentally stolen by members are added to the common stock, out of which all losses are defrayed. Any person wishing to assist this good undertaking, may send his subscription umbrella to the present Secretary, the Oxford Spectator.

C.

Sir,

Your indulgence in giving a place to a former attempt of mine, encourages me to send you this second imitation. Impossible as it is to rival the grace of the original, still, if it induces anyone to consider more carefully Horace's exquisite little picture, this attempt, as the writers of prefaces say, will not have been made in vain.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C.

Hor. Od. I. 23.

Like some poor little fawn thou art afraid of me,
Chloe, over the hills seeking her timorous
Mother, emptily fearing
Ev'ry sound of the wind or wood.

Should the steps of the spring ruffle a leaf or two,
Should the dart of a green lizard along the grass
Push the bramble aside, see
How she quivers in heart and limb!

But I, Chloe, am not rushing to tear thee down,
Like a tiger or fierce lion of Africa:
Run no more to thy mother;
Lovers' arms are the home for thee!

The Oxford Spectator.

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8. 1868.

It has been my lot within the last few days to experience the sweetness of success. A testamur! Two already had been obtained, now the third is added to my store. Gentle reader, it was but yesterday, it seems, that I first begged your favour for my earliest efforts, now I ask you to rejoice with me in the glorious climax which concludes my undergraduate career. Hannibal is conquered, Aristotle is outwitted, the bachelor's gown is won. I am happy in the first flush of success, but my happiness is mingled with regret. The friends whom I have known, the river, the cricket-field, the High Street, the wines, the walks and the lectures—*linquenda sunt.* But nothing can I leave with more regret than this my task of random speculation; I can no longer lightly describe the scenes of undergraduate life, or playfully connect with Oxford the words of the illustrious Greeks whose words we read here; my office, whether useful or abused, yet pleasant certainly to me, is over for ever. I shall be still a spectator, and an affectionate one, of all that goes on here, but from a distance: Oxford Spectator I may be no more. My readers will before this have noticed that, for all my silence and retirement, I have thought no side of undergraduate life foreign to myself. I have stood aloof from no undergraduate custom. Accordingly, as is the manner of new-made bachelors, I have this evening regaled the whole of my college at an enormous wine-party, and now I return to my rooms to consider soberly my past career. I have thought

of an autobiography. Eager in my first term to know everybody, to play at everything, to contend for honours in every school: raised in my second by some trifling accident to a fame which I never deserved: disgusted in my third by failure—such was my first year. The second year I read and sulked: the third, I read and enjoyed myself, and the fourth in philosophic ease has brought me to that glorious culmination, a pass. "Smalls" was my first trial: two books of Euclid's elements were an ordeal too terrible: the cruel requisition of grammatical correctness in writing the language on which I had spent ten years, nearly overpowered me; and when to this was added a knowledge of two short books, my spirits almost failed. Moderations were easier, and "Greats" have proved easier still, but the state in which examinations are no more, is peaceful with a peace which hitherto my dreams had hardly realised.

Then I think of my acquaintance, how I tried the fast set and ruined myself in bad horses; tried to be a dandy, and made myself a laughing-stock; tried to be a reading-man, and lived during my sulky year with men from whose dress, when a freshman, I should have shrunk with horror; how finally I sank into the calm society of those philosophic friends who have helped me to be the Oxford Spectator.

It is a curious thing to take a synoptic view of one's undergraduate career. Led by a tutor to the Vice-Chancellor, one returns to drink a vast quantity of bad wine; after half-a-dozen lectures, one mounts a drag to the cricket ground with x and y still ringing in one's ears; white ties for the Schools and Commemoration; alpenstocks in the "Vac."; affrays with college Deans, scouts and laundress; sermons in chapel; lamentations over one's debts; leaving the old rooms, getting old; calling on freshmen with a sense of fraternal dignity, and finally, as to-night, giving one's last wine. Such things occur to me now. Where are the fruits of former years? what learnt,

what avoided? Is it possible that the follies, though I remember them more, are not more real than the improvement of which I am scarcely conscious? I hope it may be so.

At my party just now were men of every style and standing. I envied the freshmen and pitied those who were approaching the ordeal which I have passed. I laughed at the supercilious dandy, and pitied the thoughtless buffoon, for a little over excitement makes me sentimental. I thought perhaps I could give a little advice which might save my successors from the errors into which I have fallen or seen others fall. Here it is:—

To Freshmen—

I. Be slow to make acquaintance; and be indifferent as to the opinion formed of you at first.

II. Attend chapel; avoid suppers; and pay your bills.

To those of Riper Terms—

I. Do not hesitate to shake off your bad acquaintances: and do not neglect freshmen.

II. As above.

III. Stick to one or two games; belong to few clubs; remember that your fellows are but boys, and try to be a man yourself.

To Senior Men—

I. Read while you can.

II. Force yourself to believe how much effect your example has.

III. Do not separate yourself from college when you go into lodgings.

I remember laughing, a year ago, at the readiness with which those who have passed an examination, offer to prepare others for the same. But here I find myself doing the very thing—take my "tips" for what they are worth.

It is getting late, and I am far on my last paper. A few lines more and I shall have ceased to exist. Again and again, as with a drowning man, all the scenes of my Oxford life are crowded in confusion before my eyes. I can scarcely distinguish the good old tutor from the beery scout, the cries on the river bank are mingled with the solemn tones of the head of my College at Collections. One moment I am shouting for the ladies in blue, or listening breathlessly to the Newdigate, the next I am buying over again that unlucky bull-terrier, or paying that foolish bet in which my pride involved me. Aristotle, Dickens, Liddon; Home, Iffley, Switzerland, I am with all, present in all. Which are the useful recollections? which are the frivolities? They cheered me just now, and said I was an honour to my College; I have said it myself of men whom I despise—Think, freshman, how will you deserve the "plaudite" when you become a bachelor?

C.